The Literary Digest

NEW YORK, JULY 16, 1932

TOPICS OF THE DAY

The Economic Battle Line of the Campaign

THERE IS NO LULL, NO LET-UP.

In past years we have had a respite from politics, a breathing-spell between the closing of the conventions and the formal opening of the campaign with the notification ceremonies in August.

But Governor Roosevelt's flight to Chicago to deliver his speech of acceptance before the adjournment of the Democratic convention started the campaign in earnest. And, declares the Philadelphia *Evening Public Ledger*, "it will continue for four solid months."

The line of battle has been chosen, says the Manchester *Union* (Rep.). The fundamental points of cleavage between the two Presidential candidates are now evident —"essentially the issue is a choice between a conservative and a progressive standard-bearer."

Excited wets and excited drys have been telling us that Prohibition would be the issue. Of course, remarks Mark Sullivan, in the New York *Herald Tribune*, it will play a big part. But he feels convinced that as the campaign goes on it will retire into the background, and the real question will be, "Which of the two candidates seems the more dependable captain to steer us through the economic storm?" Or, to use the familiar political symbols, "is the donkey or the elephant the more likely to pull us out of this swamp?" The economic issue is more clear-cut between the two major party candidates than in many years, agrees Theodore C. Wallen of the same newspaper. Along these lines the campaign will proceed, concludes the St. Louis *Star*, "with tremendous possibilities in the reshaping of American policies and politics." The Cincinnati *Times-Star* (Rep.) also feels that "the campaign may develop qualities like those of the campaign of 1896."

Now for the Round-Up!
—Ireland in the Columbus "Journal Dispatch."

WE can give space to quotations from only one or two of the writers on politics who emphasize this cleavage. David Lawrence writes as follows for the Consolidated Press:

"Radicalism or conservatism? This is the choice the voters will be asked to make, tho, to be sure, the Democrats will deny that they intend radicalism, while the Republicans will insist that they ought not to be classed as reactionaries. The Democrats will call themselves 'progressives' and their opponents the champions of 'reaction,' while the Republicans will not hesitate to proclaim themselves as 'liberal conservatives' and their opponents as true radicals."

Undoubtedly, there will be a shifting of many conservatives from the Democratic ranks and of many progressives from the Republican side. Such shifting, in Mr. Lawrence's opinion, "may be expected to a larger extent than in any campaign since 1896":

"The Eastern States with large electoral votes are normally conservative in a Presidential year, but it remains to be seen whether the depression has caused a political upheaval there, too.

"The danger for the Roosevelt campaign lies in growing too explicit about the character of economic changes that the Democrats would attempt to put into effect if elected. So long as their promises are general, the attack of their opponents will have to be general.

"The strategy of the Republicans undoubtedly will be to show to Eastern States and business communities in the West the close relationship between Roosevelt and the Western radicals. The Democrats will seek to corral all the discontent.

"The outlook is too confused as yet for a definite appraisal of the effect of this type of campaign. But before it is over, the relationship of a change in Administration either by fear of its consequences or hope of its achievements to the pocketbook and bank account of the voter will be the outstanding issue on which the election will turn."

WITH the nomination of Roosevelt by the Democrats the campaign fight between the parties divided, in the opinion of William Allen White, writing for the North American Newspaper Alliance, "not upon Prohibition, but upon fundamentals—social and economic policies." And when Franklin D. Roosevelt delivered his acceptance speech in the last hour of the 1932 convention, "for the first time since 1912, twenty long years, a candidate of one of the major parties sounded an unterrified liberal note in the formal clarion call to his party." With Roosevelt behind the barricade, continues Mr. White—

"The guns of the Democracy are turned toward Wall Street, toward big business, toward the evils of monopoly, and we have the Democratic party back where it was when Wilson was nominated by the hands of Bryan. Also we have the Republican party with Hoover standing on his own platform where Taft stood in 1912.

"Unless Roosevelt trims and veers, unless he dismisses the Wilsonian crowd surrounding him now, the coming campaign will be a clear-cut contest between left-wing liberalism and right-wing conservatism—the thing which partizans of both parties for years have hoped to see; that is, a real difference

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between the parties, and it bids fair to rise and meet them now."

JUST a few characteristic sentences will suffice to give us the flavor of that now historic Roosevelt speech of acceptance at Chicago. The Governor made the definite promise: "You can accept my pledge that I will leave no doubt or ambiguity on where I stand on any question of moment in this campaign."

On Prohibition he said flatly: "Your candidate wants repeal."

Carry On!

—Doyle in the Philadelphia "Record."

And he added: "from this date on, the Eighteenth Amendment is doomed."

But in Governor Roosevelt's opinion, because of the existing conditions, "it is inevitable that the main issue of this campaign should revolve about the clear fact of our economic condition, a depression so deep that it is without precedent in modern history."

AFTER a brief history of the boom and the collapse, the Governor proclaimed that "statesmanship and vision require relief to all at the same time."

For the relief of agriculture the Governor suggested a lightening of the mortgage burden, a "reasonable tariff protection," and eventually "voluntary reduction of surplus." He thinks that help "both for the unemployed and for agriculture, will come from a wide plan of converting millions of acres of marginal and unused land into timber land through reforestation."

He deplored the fact that "during the past ten years a nation of 120,000,000 has been led by the Republican leaders to erect an impregnable barbed-wire entanglement around its borders through the instrumentality of tariffs which have isolated us from all the other human beings in all the rest of the round world."

After more setting forth of his aims in general terms, the Governor declared that—

"Throughout the nation men and women, forgotten in the political philosophy of the government of the last years, look to us here for guidance and for more equitable opportunity to share in the distribution of national wealth."

Prompt to endorse the Democratic candidate was progressive Republican Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska. In his opinion: "The fundamental principle involved in the coming Presidential campaign is the contest between organized monopoly on the one side and the common people on the other." Senator Hiram Johnson came out with a hearty word of praise for Roosevelt's "fine and gallant and exhilarating action in flying to Chicago to make his speech." At this writing, according to the Washington correspondents, the rest of the Republican Progressives are still debating exactly what they will do in the campaign. But few of them are expected to give Hoover any active support. William Randolph Hearst, who supported Garner, comes out for Roosevelt as a "genuine Democrat" who "is not the hired man of high finance."

And while Alfred E. Smith did not wait in Chicago long enough to meet Governor Roosevelt, he gave out a statement, a few days later, that he would support the party ticket.

TO papers representing the progressive wing of the Democratic party, the nomination of Governor Roosevelt is cause for great rejoicing. The American people may glory in this campaign, says the Philadelphia *Record* (Ind.), which fought for Roosevelt in a Pennsylvania primary, "as they elect for the first time since Wilson, a progressive to the Presidency." In the words of the Omaha *World-Herald*, representing a similar point of view—"with glad hearts and shining faces the Democracy of the nation acclaims the rising sun." The Democratic Boston *Post*, Norfolk *Ledger-Dispatch*, Winston-Salem *Journal*, and Cleveland *Plain Dealer* acclaim Roosevelt as a sane liberal.

In the conservative financial district, the New York *Journal of Commerce* declares that the Governor's "cautious and moderate statement of his program should give a large measure of reassurance to those who looked for aggressive advocacy of disruptive restrictions on business and dangerous experiments in relief schemes on his part."

Wonder is exprest in certain editorial columns about the effect of the progressive support on the Roosevelt candidacy. The Washington *Evening Star*, for instance, suggests that the progressives may overdo the matter of supporting Roosevelt:

"The reaction in the great States of the East to this rush of the progressives to the Roosevelt standard is a danger which Roosevelt will have to face.

"In 1896, when it appeared that Bryan, a new political meteor out of the West, would sweep the country, there was a rallying of the forces to 'sound money,' and when the votes were counted it was found that McKinley, not Bryan, was the victor in the Presidential race.

"Such a situation may arise again, with President Hoover benefiting because of the sentiment in this country against radicalism.

"In Roosevelt's brief discussion of the 'Tory' Republican ideal of a prosperity filtering down from the top, of the problem of redistributing wealth, of the rights of labor and small investors, he disclosed," in the opinion of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* (Ind.), "why business men have looked upon his candidacy with a suspicion of fear." "The East will be a hard nut for Roosevelt to crack," admits the friendly Richmond *Times-Dispatch*.

The speech of acceptance is scored rather heavily by a number of Eastern dailies. The Manchester *Union* (Rep.) calls it "a colorless rehash" of the Democratic platform. Remarks the Newark *News* (Ind.), "the man can undoubtedly make a ringing pulse thumping address, but it looks sleazy in cold type." Similarly, the Boston *Herald* (Rep.) finds, on rereading what at first seemed a forceful speech, a good deal of "bewildering vagueness."

While the New York *Evening Post* considers the Chicago speech a fine gesture, a good political start, it still holds that:

"Roosevelt does not lead. He follows. And his weakness makes him assume the weak man's arrogance of tone, when he at last pretends to leadership."

And *The Nation*, which prefers Norman Thomas, the Socialist candidate agrees with newspapers which have called him "another Hoover;" it "can see in him no leader, and no evidence anywhere that he can rise to the needs of this extraordinary hour."

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What the Party Platforms Promise

"SOMETHING TO GET IN ON."

The cynical characterization of the party platform is familiar enough.

And no less familiar is the editorial tendency to emphasize the generalities and compromises intended to please all factions in a party. Again, we hear that the candidate makes the platform.

However, this summer, careful observers find the Republican and Democratic platform-makers hinting at the same line of cleavage that is emphasized in the utterances and records of the candidates as discust in the preceding pages.

Plenty of party editors are glad to stand up for the platforms their parties are supposed to stand on.

Here, for instance, among the Republicans, we find the Seattle *Times* praising the Republican platform as "sound in principle" and also "a better piece of 'literature' than ordinarily finds a way into campaign circulation." As a whole, the document seems to the Los Angeles *Times* to be "a sturdy and courageous statement of fundamental party principles—more, of basic economic facts upon which must be predicated any program for the early return of prosperity."

And on the Democratic side there is more pointing with pride, while even outside of the Democratic ranks, the brevity of the sixteen-hundred word Democratic platform with its definite recommendations and condemnations wins much applause. The Cleveland *Plain Dealer* (Dem.) thinks that "it is in most respects an admirable declaration, clear in its terms, constructive in its proposals, and so quickly read that millions should familiarize themselves with its principal provisions." The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* (Ind.) goes so far as to say that "the platform adopted by the Democrats approximates perfection; it struck boldly at the economic evils from which we suffer, evils as to which party platforms, except among small minorities, are usually silent."

The Democrats, says the New Orleans *Item* (Dem.), drew up a platform which, when contrasted with the Republican platform, for the first time indicates a rational division of party-lines upon radically conflicting views of economics, and indicates it "clearly enough to make it intelligible."

OF course, the great platform controversy in each convention was over the Prohibition plank. Those planks have been amply discust in these columns, and it will therefore be of service now to note some of the other planks. In a broad way, writes John Snure in the New York *Herald Tribune*, "the great difference between the two platforms, apart from the contrast on Prohibition, relates to their divergence on economic problems":

"The Republican platform on the economic issues confronting the nation is distinctly conservative, and is intended to hold conservative business and financial backing.

"The Democratic platform was prepared with the intention of having its expressions on economic subjects appeal to the great progressive and independent vote, especially in the Middle West and Northwest, where the country's greatest agricultural interests are, and to a certain degree to draw to the Democratic party the millions of voters, urban and rural, who suffer from depression, and are discontented and dissatisfied.

"Because of the fact the Republican campaign must necessarily largely revolve about the Republican administration, the Republican platform devotes many words to the achievements and leadership of President Hoover.

"In opposition the Democratic party, in a brief but sharp arraignment, practically holds the Republican party and its 'disastrous policies' responsible for present conditions.

"On the subject of unemployment and relief, the Republican platform stands by the President's policies and program.

"The Democratic plank, under the heading 'program of relief,' includes extension of Federal aid to the States, as does the Republican. But it goes further to favor expansion of Federal construction of public works with advance planning.

"Republicans and Democrats indorse the shorter work day and work week, and the Democrats favor 'unemployment and old-age insurance under State laws.'"

Highly significant, in this writer's opinion, are the contrasts in the planks touching agriculture. The Republican platform naturally defends what the Administration has been doing:

"It upholds the Farm Board and the agricultural marketing act. Tariff schedules favorable to agriculture are pledged. The party favors any practicable plan to balance production against demand, and much emphasis is laid on tax relief for the farmer."

THE Democrats condemn the Farm Board and ask for "better financing of farm mortgages through reorganized farm bank agencies at low rates of interest on an amortization plan, giving preference to credits for the redemption of farms and homes sold under foreclosure." And then aid is asked for the cooperative movement for control of crop surpluses and "enactment of every constitutional measure that will aid the farmer to receive for basic farm commodities prices in excess of cost."

All Ready for the Big Race

—Shoemaker in the Chicago "Daily News."

When it comes to the tariff, Mr. Snure thinks that the differences between the platforms are about what might be expected:

"Briefly, the Republican plank stands squarely by protection.

"The Democratic plank, calls for 'a competitive tariff for revenue, with a fact-finding commission free from executive interference; reciprocal tariff agreements with other nations, and an international economic conference.'"

Other likenesses and differences are noted:

"The Democratic platform contains a plank opposing cancelation of the foreign debts. On this subject the Republicans were silent.

"The Republican currency plank is a strong declaration for the gold dollar and against currency inflation. The Democratic plank calls merely for 'a sound currency to be preserved at all hazards.' It asks for an international conference to be convened by this country 'to consider the rehabilitation of silver and related questions.' The Republicans, on silver, favor an international conference, but do not say that it should be called by this government."

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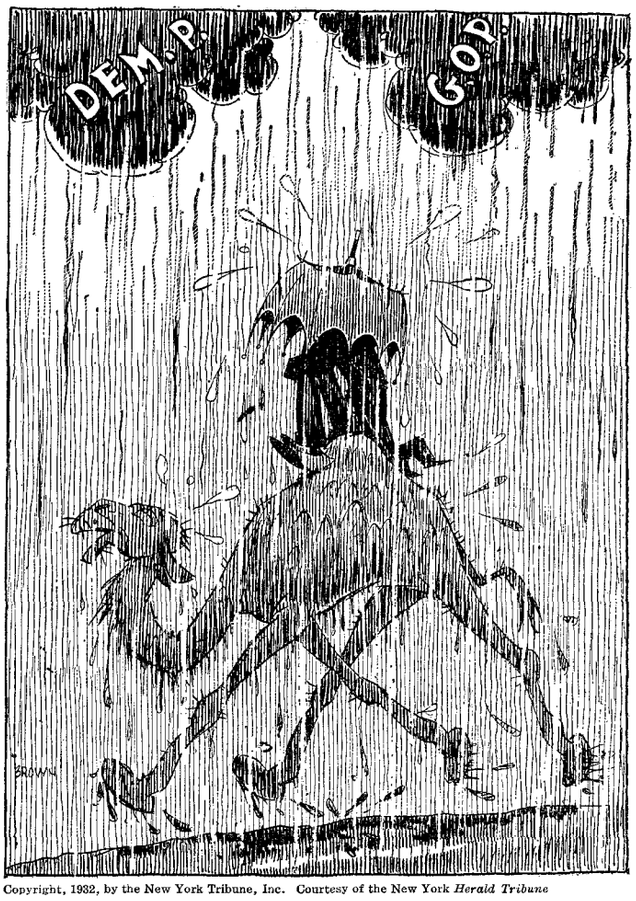
The Dilemma of the Drys

"WHICH PARTY WILL GET the greatest number of bolters on the Prohibition issue?"

That is a question of enormous importance in the 1932 drive for the Presidency, William Hard tells us in a copyrighted article in the Washington *Evening Star*.

"The Republican and Democratic parties," he says, "enter upon the campaign with a determination to effect a merry-go-round and criss-cross of their respective voters.



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"Giddap, Napoleon; It Looks Like Rain!"
—Brown in the New York "Herald Tribune."

"The Republicans hope to win with Democratic drys. The Democrats hope to win with Republican wets."

Both will make heavy inroads, we are told, but—

"The unanswerable question is, which bolting multitude—the one toward the Republicans or the one toward the Democrats—will be the greater?"

THUS the bitter fight over the Prohibition issue enters still another phase.

But the question of chief interest at the moment seems to be: What are the drys going to do? Whatever form their activity takes, all accounts agree that they are determined to fight to the last ditch to preserve the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Law.

With the Democratic platform calling for repeal of the Amendment and modification of the Volstead Law, and the Republican platform providing for resubmission, some wet leaders have been saying that the drys have no place to go, except to a third party. And that seemed to be the thought of the drys themselves in the first few days after the Democrats adopted their wringing-wet plank.

So far was this idea carried that press dispatches told of a dry movement to organize a party behind Senator William E. Borah of Idaho, who had bolted the Republican plank.

But as this talk fades, with the flat statement in Washington that Mr. Borah has no idea of heading a third party, sentiment seems to be crystallizing in another form. A shift to the Republican camp seems on the way. Despite the slashing attack made upon the Republican platform by dry leaders, some of these chieftains now can see their way clear to support President Hoover, unless, in his acceptance speech, he leans too far toward the wet side.

THE dominant views of most of the dry leaders, according to Mr. Hard, "were embodied in an editorial which appeared in *The Christian Century*, a weekly Protestant religious magazine of high intellectual standing and of vast influence among alert Protestant religious managers of social movements"—

"The wording of this editorial is of the profoundest importance politically for the campaign.

"The arguments used in it will be repeated in every State of the Union in Protestant churches and in assemblies of aroused drys in the little local schoolhouses.

"'Our opinion of the Republican plank on liquor,' says *The Christian Century*, 'is that it should be gratefully received and approved by every reasonable dry. It formulates a plan for the resubmission of the liquor question in terms which prescribe a just formula under which the issue is to be submitted, leaving untouched the merits or the substance of the issue itself.'

"That latter point is incessantly repeated throughout the editorial. The drys claim that the Republican plank leaves them absolutely uncommitted to any anti-dry action whatsoever. They sunder themselves wholly from Senator Borah. Instead of claiming, like him, that the plank is a surrender to wetness, they claim that it is essentially completely neutral.

"'The Republican plank,' says *The Christian Century*, 'is neither wet nor dry. It takes no position on the merits of Prohibition or on the desirability of change. It explicitly states that "no public official or member of the party should be pledged or forced to choose between his party affiliations and his honest convictions upon this question." The Republican party does favor resubmission, but it refuses to prejudice or influence the outcome. It puts itself in the rôle of an umpire, concerned only that the great game of resubmission shall be played fairly.'"

"IT is perhaps unwise to venture a prediction," reads the last paragraph of the editorial quoted by Mr. Hard, "but we have long felt that, when once the issue is joined under a fair and responsible formula, the promoters of the present wet hysteria will stand amazed at the undreamed-of resources upon which the drys will draw, in church and home and school and factory, to keep the nation from slipping back a single step in the most significant effort at voluntary social self-control (namely, Prohibition) which history has ever known."

Mr. Hard "is not surprized at the vehemence of that last statement," for:

"A certain great multitude of drys are to-day wrought to a pitch of indignation and of zeal never exceeded and perhaps indeed, never equaled previously in the whole history of Prohibition agitation.

"They will fight a battle of desperation and of militant mobilization of all their oratorical and political resources between now and November."

No time was lost by the drys, after the Democratic convention, in taking emphatic action.

Through their national board of strategy they attacked both party platforms, and called on "all friends of the Eighteenth Amendment" to work for the election of dry candidates to both Houses of Congress and to the State Legislatures.

Giving the general position of the drys, the statement said:

"We are opposed to repeal. We are opposed to the submission

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of any repeal or modification proposal which would destroy or weaken national Prohibition.

"The Prohibition forces of the nation will, to the very limit of their ability, preserve, protect, and defend that salutary governmental policy.

"Proof of the benefits of the Eighteenth Amendment is evidenced by unimpeachable testimony from governmental records, social welfare agencies, and other authoritative sources. Those benefits are in proportion to the extent of observance and the degree of enforcement.

"While we recognize the fact that national Prohibition has not had the degree of observance and enforcement to which it is entitled, we are nevertheless convinced that this national policy of government has accomplished more and has been far more successfully enforced than any other policy of liquor control which has ever been tried.

"Experience has demonstrated that any other method for the mitigation of the evils of the liquor traffic would unquestionably foster greater evils and create more formidable difficulties of administration and enforcement than those with which the Government has been compelled to deal under the Eighteenth Amendment."

THAT the drys are likely to swing to Mr. Hoover unless he goes too far to the wet side was indicated by Dr. Daniel A. Poling, chairman of the Allied Forces for Prohibition, according to the interpretation put upon his statement by the Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune* (Rep.):

"Indorsing the statement issued at Chicago by the National Prohibition Board of Strategy, Dr. Poling, who conferred yesterday with Senator William E. Borah, of Idaho, insurgent Republican champion of the dry cause, assailed with particular emphasis the Democratic repeal-modification plank and Gov. Franklin D. Roosevelt as the Presidential candidate standing on it.

"Altho he rejected the resubmission proposal of the Republican plank, he clearly left the way open to go to the support of President Hoover after the impending acceptance ceremony, at which he will give his interpretation of the party's platform. While he did not express opposition to a third-party movement, the inference that he saw no reason at this time for such an organization went undisputed.

"Republican veterans of many campaigns, meanwhile, displayed considerable interest in the way the Prohibition conflict is taking form. Unanimously, tho in varying degree, they exprest confidence that the President would be the recipient of dry support, since the Democratic candidate and platform leave that group no other course to take.

"One held that there were still millions of dry votes in the country, and that Mr. Hoover would get them."

But there is another side to the matter, as the Baltimore *Sun* points out:

"Unless all the signs are misleading, not only minor candidates but Mr. Hoover himself will find it no easy task to adopt an attitude that will placate dry sentiment without at the same time alienating militant wet Republicans in pivotal States who are in no humor to compromise.

"Indeed, if friends of Mr. Hoover are awaiting with anxiety his possible indorsement by the drys, even as the lesser of two evils, their uneasiness is understandable.

"No one can say with certainty that the anti-Prohibition tide will be running in November as strongly as it is to-day. But it may be, and politicians know that if such is the case, it would require all the strategy the Republican party possesses to rid itself of entanglement with the Anti-Saloon League and the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals."

QUOTATIONS from dry leaders will show how strongly they feel about the action of the two conventions.

The Republican platform, according to Clinton N. Howard, key-noter of the Prohibition convention in Indianapolis, "was designed to fool both the wets and the drys," while the Democratic platform is "perforated with corkscrews and bung-holes."

"Tell the women," said a message from Senator Borah which was read at the same meeting, "to work for the right men for Congress. If the women of America will do their part, there will be no repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment."

"We pledge no allegiance to either party as they stand to-day," said a resolution adopted by the Women's National Committee for Law Enforcement, "but, as loyal Americans under this flag, we will defy and defeat any man or woman who attacks our Union to bring back the curse of liquor through State or nation."

"We are fighting not only the liquor forces of the United States," said Bishop Edgar Blake at the Prohibition convention, "but of Europe as well, and also the press, in its subsidized misrepresentation of the results of the Prohibition law."

Taking a general view of the dry position, the New York *Times* says:

"From the Prohibition Board of Strategy comes a mingled confession and lamentation. Its tone is pathetically in contrast with that held for years by the Anti-Saloon League and its congeners.

"Once, both parties heeled after them meekly. Now both have

The Old Rascal Is Living High These Days
—Thomas in the Detroit "News."

broken away, one absolutely, the other in effect, tho it still spreads honeyed fly-catching pretenses to pacify the drys.

"The Board of Strategy tries to persuade itself that there is merit in the Republican qualifications, ambiguities, and attempts to mask the step actually taken. All the pussyfooting can't hide the fact that the Republicans do propose to repeal the Eighteenth Amendment and substitute for it an amendment, 'to be promptly submitted to the States by Congress and to be acted upon by State conventions called for that sole purpose,' putting the liquor question in the hands of the several States."

"THE only hope of the Prohibitionists," says the Hartford *Courant*, "is to prevent, if possible, a repeal proposal's being submitted to State conventions by Congress, and upon this hope they apparently purpose to center their activities." But—

"Nothing is truer than Governor Roosevelt's statement that 'from this day on, the Eighteenth Amendment is doomed,' no matter which party wins the national election.

"The Prohibitionists may fight on, but they are engaged in a hopeless struggle, not with the liquor traffic, as they assume, but with tolerant and intelligent public opinion which has had quite enough of an experiment that has set back the cause of temperance fully fifty years."

"So we find the drys definitely at bay," asserts the Richmond *Times-Dispatch*, "attempting to hold their last-line trenches in the legislative chambers of the nation and individual States."

The dry papers will, no doubt, be heard from later on as the campaign progresses.

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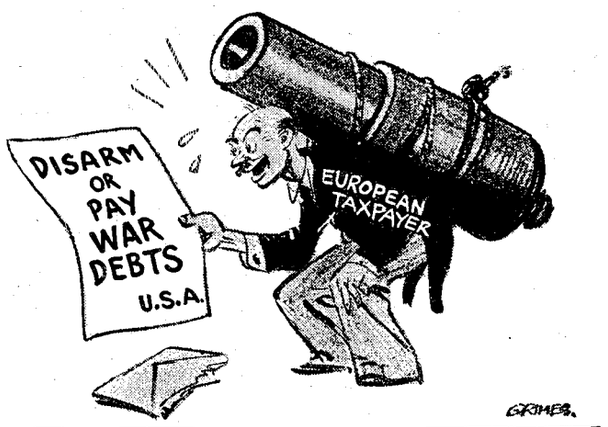
Arms Cut Hopes Again Deferred

WHERE DOES THE ADJOURNMENT of the Geneva conference leave President Hoover's plan to slash one-third from the burden of armament that is breaking the backs of the world's taxpayers?

Is it doomed to flicker out in failure, or will it be waiting with an augmented weight of public approval and insistence behind it when the conference reconvenes after its summer recess?

Ambassador Gibson, the American delegate, hopes to keep the proposal alive and under discussion during the intervening months, Geneva correspondents report; and in a Washington dispatch to the New York *Times* we read:



A Dilemma for Europe. What Would You Do?

—Grimes in the London "Star."

"The move at Geneva to adjourn the general disarmament conference until fall, and utilize the intervening time for study of the proposal of President Hoover, was said on high authority to be welcomed by the United States.

"Not only did the plan for a recess come as no surprize here, but there have been many indications since the Hoover proposal was made that the United States Government considered a temporary adjournment the best way to deal with the project.

"In the view here, better progress toward a disarmament agreement in the light of the Hoover plan can be made at this time through studies by small groups of experts and direct exchanges among the governments than by the conference itself. Later, the conference can meet and frame into an agreement the program demanded by this informal method.

"Officials declared they were confident the conference would resume its deliberations at the proper time and make real progress. Equal confidence was profest that the Hoover plan would be made the basis of a disarmament agreement which would follow substantially its lines."

THE Hoover plan, as laid before the conference on June 22, is to reduce by one-third the growing burden of world armament by specific cuts in the land, sea and air forces of the Powers. It would abolish all tanks, chemical warfare, large mobile guns, and bombing planes.

Before the adjournment of the conference the British Government announced its agreement in principle with the Hoover plan for reducing armaments one-third, but made certain specific suggestions which would modify the Hoover proposals considerably. Instead of reducing capital ships in number and tonnage by one-third, the British proposed a reduction of one-third in tonnage and one-third in gun caliber of all classes of naval vessels. Agreeing with Hoover on chemical warfare, big guns and bombing planes, the British would prefer not to abolish the smaller sizes of the tanks.

The world's annual outlay for armament is a staggering and ever-increasing sum. The figures, as given in the Armament Year Book of the League of Nations, are summarized as follows by the Little Rock *Arkansas Gazette:*

"In 1930, world expenditure for armament and national defense amounted to $4,128,000,000, according to figures covering sixty-two countries that are brought together in the latest Armaments Year Book of the League of Nations. The persistent increase in the military outlays of these nations is shown by the following comparison of totals for a six-year period:

1925	$3,497,000,000
1926	3,557,000,000
1927	3,873,000,000
1928	3,950,000,000
1929	4,107,000,000
1930	4,128,000,000

"This gigantic outlay included no pension charges. It consisted strictly of military expenditures, made to keep nearly 5,000,000 regular soldiers equipped and trained, and to keep more than 5,000,000 tons of naval vessels in commission.

"With the debts left by the World War still weighing down the taxpayers it seems grievously deplorable that England, even in these critical times, should be spending 12.3 per cent. of its total budget for armament, the United States 20 per cent., and France, for the last nine months, about 25 per cent."

THEN why does every definite proposal to reduce armaments meet apparently insuperable obstacles? "The trouble," answers the Troy *Record*, "is that, in spite of the World War, the nations of Europe and Asia are not really sold to peace. They still think of armed conflict as the proper mode of settling international disputes; and they are cynical about any possible substitution. Therefore any plan which might limit their development in the activities of warfare seems to them chimerical." Another difficulty, says the Detroit *News*, is the organized anti-disarmament propaganda of certain powerful armament and munition makers. Then there is the insistence of some military authorities that it is impossible to reduce certain classes of armament without disastrous consequences.

"The real force that may, in spite of the chilling debate at Geneva, overcome the reluctance of governments to disarm is the possible revolt of the taxpayer against further oppression," writes H. N. Brailsford in his London correspondence to the Baltimore *Sun*. Many predict such a revolt.

That Dentist Complex

—Warren in the Philadelphia "Evening Public Ledger."

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Philippine Independence Sidetracked

SIGHING WITH RELIEF, foes of the plan to free the Philippines congratulate the Senate on postponing action until December.

Alarmed when the House, several weeks ago, in a forty-minute session, put through the Hare bill for Philippine independence, opponents were fearful that the Hawes-Cutting measure also would ride through the Senate. And they denounced it as "dishonest," "futile," and "a trick document."

The chief difference between the two bills was the time provision, the Hare measure providing for full independence in eight years, and the other fixing fifteen years. The Hawes-Cutting bill also proposed the graduated introduction of tariffs on Philippine exports of sugar, copra and hemp to the United States.

But with the Senate's decision, after four days of debate, to reserve action until next winter, the Philippine issue is tossed back on the shelf, for the dozenth time in the last third of a century.

During the last couple of years the controversy has raged with greater violence, we are told, because American sugar and dairy interests, anxious to stop Philippine competition by freeing the islands and putting a tariff on their exports, joined in the demand for Congressional action.

While the New York *Herald Tribune* denounces the Hawes-Cutting bill as "a trick document, meant to swindle the Filipino out of his aspirations if it is not politically expedient to swindle the American people out of their rights," the Washington *News*, for the other side, declares:

"Filipino leaders are supporting the Hawes-Cutting bill, American labor wants it, local interests, eager to be protected against insular imports, want it. The overwhelming majority of Americans, who believe the nation should keep its word, want it."

THANKFUL that the measure has been put over, the Philadelphia *Inquirer* asserts that "to pass it would be a blunder worse than a crime." Then:

"In spite of a political agitation in the islands themselves, intelligent opinion among the Filipinos is by no means unanimously in favor of independence in the near future.

"The economic reasons against it are very strong. There are selfish interests behind the measure, more concerned for assumed trade advantages than for the welfare of the islanders. Furthermore, it means a complete abandonment of obligations to which we are committed.

"There is another consideration quite as important. The Philippines are intimately related to our commercial future in the Pacific. We have already sacrificed much of our influence on that great ocean, which may conceivably yet be of greater consequence to us than the Atlantic.

"We have left at least two key positions relatively defenseless. So long as the Philippines remain under American suzerainty they are fairly safe from attack. But could the Filipinos by themselves resist the encroachment of an aggressive Power?

"Japan has disclaimed any intention to take the islands if we give them up. Admitting, for the sake of the argument, her sincerity, who can say what circumstances may arise to make a drive eastward seem as requisite to her growth as her present drive westward?

"The purpose of Japan to dominate the Asiatic continent is thinly, if at all, disguised. To consolidate her gains there control of islands lying so near her shores might seem to her essential. Tho it be the intention of the United States to confer full independence upon the Filipinos when they are fitted for it, there is, as the Preacher who was King over Jerusalem said, a time for all things; and that time is not now.

"The Hawes bill is thoroughly mischievous from every aspect. To pass it would be the worst kind of folly."

But we ought to keep our pledge to free the islands, other papers declare. One of these is the Raleigh *News and Observer*—

"When Dewey sailed into Manila Bay and refused to take any step looking to conquest of the Philippines, he acted as an American. Later, when the Congress promised Philippine independence, the country gave notice it had no imperialistic designs. That was thirty years ago.

"Is it any wonder when we refuse to keep our pledge of independence that the world does not accept our declarations that we do not covet the lands of others?

"Every day's delay in giving the Philippines independence adds to the record of failure to keep our pledge. The Senate should not have sidetracked the independence bill."

Two quotations will show the division of opinion as to the economic value of the Philippines to the United States.

Would This be "Independence"?
—Sykes in the Philadelphia "Evening Public Ledger."

"It need hardly be pointed out," writes Norbert Lyons in the New York *Times*, "that the Philippines constitute a very valuable economic asset to us, and would be even more valuable to a nation not blest with our huge domestic natural resources." But in the Milwaukee *Journal*, we read that—

"Far from being a bargain—like the purchase of rich Alaska—our Far Eastern property has been a disappointment, adding less than $10,000,000 a year to the national wealth. As occupation costs $4,000,000 a year and we consume $22,000,000 of Philippine products protected by the tariff, advocates of independence assert we will save $26,000,000 yearly when we drop our leading-strings."

AN idea of the rich American market enjoyed by the Philippine planters is given by "The World Almanac," which first lists the value of the islands' chief exports:

	1929	*1930*
Sugar	$53,244,149	$52,240,226
Hemp	28,420,550	18,426,676
Coconut Oil	29,184,942	19,155,382
Tobacco Products	8,789,944	7,836,386
Embroideries	6,011,533	3,591,736
Copra	15,565,821	13,433,438
Desiccated Coconut	3,540,124	2,962,845

"Practically all the sugar, coconut oil, desiccated coconut, and embroideries went to the United States; also 42 per cent. of the hemp; 79 per cent. of the copra, and 43 per cent. of the tobacco products."

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TOPICS IN BRIEF

WE suppose that money does its talking, now, in the sound banks.—*Weston Leader.*

EITHER of our major political parties will walk a mile to avoid the camel.—*Thomaston Times.*

WHAT this country needs is a revolution—of the wheels of industry.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Moscow hopes to perfect the Five-Year Plan in about ten more.—*Greensboro Herald-Journal.*

WITH folks acting so erratically on their old allegiances, the statesmen don't dread the big stick in politics now half as much as the big switch.—*Boston Herald.*

WHEN stocks are slumping in Wall Street, however, it seems possible to eke out a bear livelihood.—*Weston Leader.*

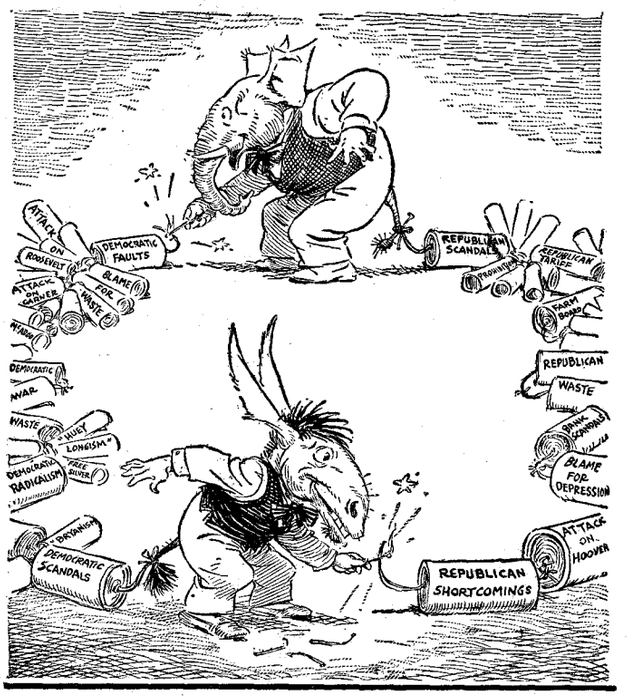
ANOTHER sign of the times is that stories formerly told only in saloons are now told in salons.—*Nashville Southern Lumberman.*

THE dollar is said to be worth $1.60 now, but its value depends altogether upon what you buy with it.—*Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.*

EXPERTS find that "solid" wood is from 20 to 40 per cent. gas. Now you know what to expect of political platforms.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

AFTER all, the main plank in which each political party is interested is the one it hopes to make the other party walk.—*Thomaston Times.*

A DESCENDANT of Miles Standish is driving a truck in Milwaukee, and, if we know truck-drivers, that baby can speak for himself.—*Springfield Union.*



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And Now for the Real Fireworks

—Orr in the Chicago "Tribune."

DON'T say that Congress has done nothing. Remember the taxpayer.—*Arizona Producer.*

SEEMS that everybody who has lost his shirt is putting in a bid for a toga.—*Dunbar's Weekly.*

HEALTH is a priceless possession, and it's funny how hard it is to pay the rent with it.—*San Diego Union.*

IT is pretty hard to keep up with your neighbors without falling behind with your creditors.—*Springfield Union.*

THESE are the days when the "o" in vocation is displaced for a time by an "a."—*Christian Science Monitor.*

Now that the Democrats have their ticket, all they have to do is to find out whether it will tick.—*Indianapolis News.*

WORRYING can not help you, observes a philosopher. That makes it mutual—we can not help worrying.—*Thomaston Times.*

MAYBE this depression is only a blessing in disguise, but the disguise is too blame realistic to suit most of us.—*Dunbar's Weekly.*

ACCORDING to an entomologist, a butterfly eats practically nothing. Evidently he has never taken one out to dinner.—*The Humorist* (*London*).

THE more you study these relief schemes, the more you wonder why both parties are so eager to get credit for them.—*Muskogee Daily Phœnix.*

FUR from five rabbit-skins is needed to make a man's soft hat. And still it is the straw hat that keeps jumping off.—*Christian Science Monitor.*

WHEN ground rules permit a golfer to improve his lie, the privilege is to move his ball, not tell a different story about his score.—*Louisville Times.*

ONE safe bet is that the chap who says he hopes we will all be getting on our feet by next year isn't an automobile salesman.—*Boston Herald.*

EVEN those who voted in the LITERARY DIGEST referendum will have to vote again in November to establish the direction of the wind.—*Toledo Blade.*

A TAX of 3 per cent. has been placed on domestic electric current. Instead of lightening our taxes, they're taxing our lights.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

OF course the common people get the worst of it, but even at that, there are more big yachts tied up this summer than there are Fords.—*Brunswick Pilot.*

PLAYING bridge stimulates marriage, according to Ely Culbertson. Presumably by increasing the supply of eligible widows and widowers.—*Cedar Rapids Gazette.*

BLIGHT, we read, has practically destroyed the American chestnut. There is little evidence of this, however, in the humor magazines.—*Dunbar's Weekly* (*Phœnix*).

ONE thing that always has puzzled us is why these trick remedies that "cure" dandruff, etc., etc., with "a single application," come in such large bottles.—*Cedar Rapids Gazette.*

GRASSHOPPERS are beginning to appear again in large numbers in various parts of the country, and the farmers are urging that something be done. Couldn't they appoint some of the sagacious insects to the farm board? They seem to have an adequate scheme for checking the overproduction of farm products.—*Boston Herald.*

BRITISH clergy have indorsed a handbook on the A B C of marriage, but it will be quite a long while before anybody understands the X Y Z of it.—*San Diego Union.*

"COLD feet," we learn from THE LITERARY DIGEST, "are often a result of disease or temperament." Also a result of knowing what the consequences will be.—*Greensboro Herald-Journal.*

A WALL STREET philosopher says that a speculation is an investment so risky that no investors want it, and an investment is a speculation so safe that no speculators want it.—*Boston Transcript.*

INSECTS, says an eminent entomologist, compete with man for the food supply of the world. But even that wouldn't bother us so much, if they didn't go and regard us as part of the food supply.—*Boston Herald.*

TWO Peruvian statesmen fought a duel in which shots were exchanged without harm to either—which just about clinches the opinion that it would be wise to let the statesmen fight the wars.—*Portland Oregonian.*

COINS dating back to the fourth century were found hoarded in the tomb of an Egyptian mummy, who probably spent his time on earth thinking about what a good time he would have with them some day.—*Detroit News.*

NORTH CAROLINA voted dry in the LITERARY DIGEST poll. Then a dripping-wet candidate won a victory in the preliminary Senatorial primary. Now we'd like to hear from the people who so vociferously insisted that DIGEST ballots went only to wets.—*Nashville Banner.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

Britain's Rocky Road to Dublin

EXASPERATED BY EAMON DE VALERA'S stubborn refusal to pay the semiannual instalment on Irish land annuities, the House of Commons, almost with one angry voice, empowers the British Government to impose a tariff up to 100 per cent. on imports from the Irish Free State.

Then, after hurried telephoning to Dublin, the House learns that President De Valera is impounding all these withheld annuities into a special fund to await the results of arbitration.

To slap on the tariff as a retaliation, or not to slap—this became the new dilemma of England's Irish problem, earlier chapters of which have been discust in THE LITERARY DIGEST for April 2 and April 23.

The Anglo-Irish battle over the abolition of the oath of allegiance is now transformed into the issue of the troublesome land annuities—payments owed by Irish tenant-purchasers on account of loans advanced to enable them to buy their holdings.

The instalment on the land annuities impounded by President De Valera on June 15 amounts to approximately £1,500,000—about $5,400,000 at the current rate of exchange.

The London *Evening Standard* summarizes the history of the land annuities:

"The annuities came into existence as a result of various Irish Land Acts passed by the British Government between 1870 and 1909 to finance Irish farmers who wished to purchase the land which they worked.

"The price was advanced to landlords, who agreed to sell land to their tenants, and the advances were made in some cases in the form of government stock, in other cases partly in stock and partly in cash, and in yet others entirely in cash.

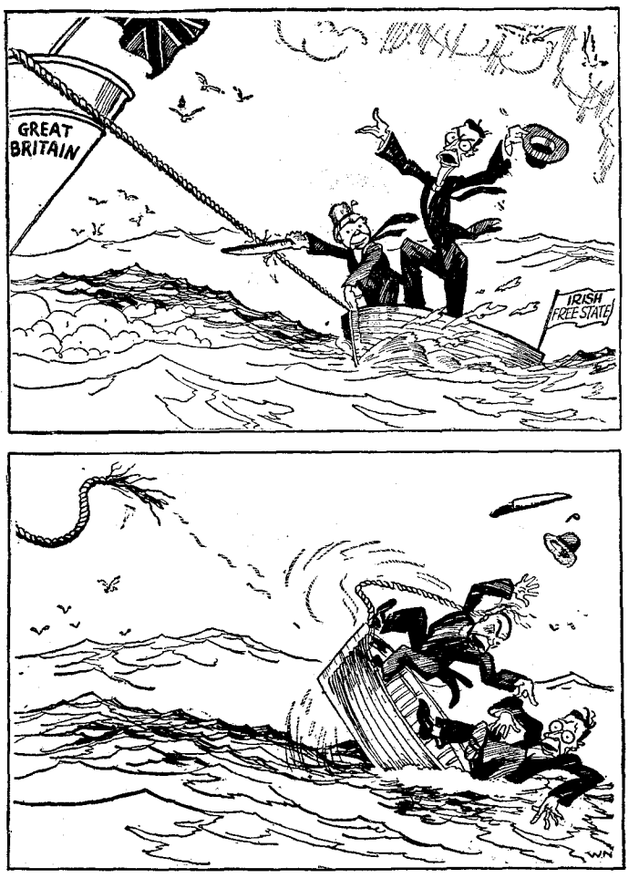
"The tenants were to pay annuities in respect of their land, at 3¼ per cent. under the Act of 1903 and at 3½ per cent. under the Act of 1909.

"On his side Mr. De Valera has said that 'the blunders and unauthorized commitments of certain Irishmen' can not be held to restore to Great Britain the title to the annuities which she formally gave up in 1920."

Mr. De Valera announces that he is willing to submit the land annuities question to arbitration, but not to a tribunal which might "load the dice" against the Free State. He insists, as *The Weekly Irish Times* (Dublin) reports, upon "a tribunal for which each side would select its own representatives, and the selection of these representatives must not, as was made imperative by the Imperial Conference, be confined to the Commonwealth of Nations."

THIS obstinate stand is taken by a large section of the British press as a direct insult to the members of the British Empire. The anger generated drives the House of Commons to apply the "big stick"—the threat of a high-tariff wall—until, as a writer in the liberal Manchester *Guardian* expresses it, Mr. De Valera is "prepared to dismount from his hobby-horse and talk business."

The severity of this retaliatory measure, should it be put into immediate operation, is sharpened by the fact, pointed out in news dispatches, that 96 per cent. of the Free State's export trade goes to the United Kingdom. Tho the Free State buys about as much as she sells in the English market, her purchases amount to only 8 per cent. of the United Kingdom's exports. The Free State's sales to the United Kingdom represent £12 a head of her population. The United Kingdom's sales to the Free State represent about £1 a head.



Cutting the Painter Is Easy Enough
—"The Bulletin" (Glasgow).

A cable poll of the Irish press reveals conflicting views. De Valera's *Irish Press* (Dublin) stands stanchly behind its anti-British leader:

"The Free State Government will put the question of land annuities to arbitrators, provided the court is one in which the Irish people could have confidence. The stand is unquestionably fair and open.

"Even the British press finds it hard to represent it as anything else.

"Great Britain's answer is to refuse the only tribunal competent to arbitrate and to try to win the case by threats.

"Threats will have the effect now as they have ever had—to unite the Irish people in defense of the right which they are asserting in all courtesy and fairness against truculent, court-fearing imperialism.

"No Irish man or woman, whatever the party he or she belongs to, is going to allow J. H. Thomas to dictate to us. The decision to launch reprisals rather than submit to arbitration is mainly political, because economically it is sheer stupidity from the British viewpoint. It is true she buys a lot from us, but she sells us more. If, by special tariffs, Great Britain is going to collect £3,000,000 at her ports, we can collect it back at ours."

THE Dublin *Irish Independent*, seeking to live up to its name, emphatically disagrees:

"De Valera's Government is now pretending that they and the people are asking for arbitration, and that the British are unreasonably refusing the proposals.

"There was no suggestion of arbitration in De Valera's original communication to the British Government nor in his election speeches. The Fianna Fail party stood by the unqualified assertion that 'We won't pay annuities.'

"Were De Valera's election speeches mere bluff?"

The Unionist Belfast *News Letter* expresses stiff opposition:

"The British Ministers, with the approval of the electorate, seem determined to bring home to the people of the Free State the fact that liabilities can not be repudiated with impunity."

The independent, nationalist Cork *Examiner* regrets:

"Once the reprisals start there is no knowing where they may

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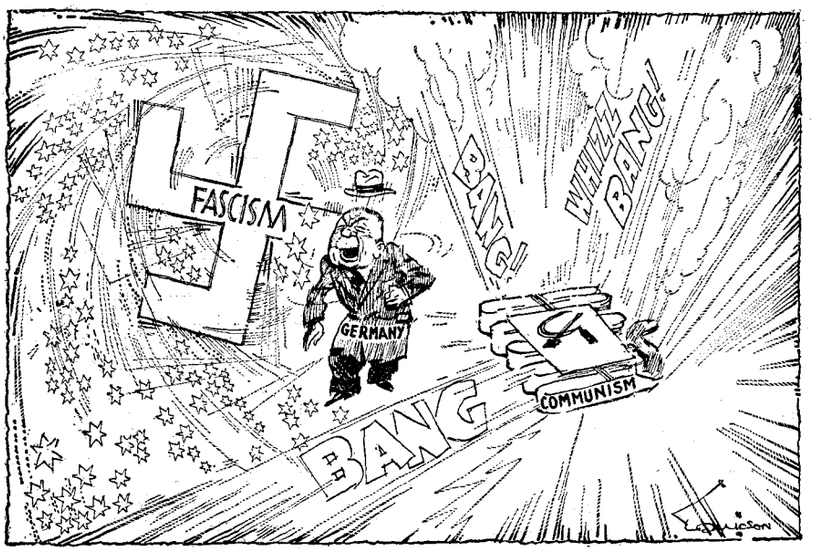
end. Hence an amicable settlement is greatly to be desired. The majority of the people would prefer peace and good-will between the two countries."

THE Cosgraveite, conservative *Irish Times* (Dublin) quavers at the thought of a tariff wall:

"The prospect for such taxation when the Free State's export trade is falling can not be contemplated without dismay. It will spell bankruptcy for all her farmers and for all classes in the community. Her ruin will be complete when the Ottawa Conference binds the other Dominions in a system for mutual benefit from which the Free State will be excluded."



Fireworks

How happy could he be with neither!

—"The Evening Times" (Glasgow).

Turning now to the opinion of the representative British dailies, cabled to THE LITERARY DIGEST, we find the Manchester *Guardian* regretting that the people of Ireland might suffer from Mr. De Valera's unflinching stand. "An open breach with Great Britain, a retaliatory tariff war which he alone can produce, if we now give him a chance, would be grist for his mill." For the London *Daily Herald* (Labor), arbitration remains the obvious way out of the dilemma. This paper would let Mr. De Valera have his own way, for it is confident "a court outside the Empire would not be likely to give a very different verdict from one inside the Empire."

The independent, conservative London *Sunday Observer* attacks the Irish President:

"Resolute action has been forced on us by a policy of repudiation. For the Irish people we have nothing but good-will, but De Valera is a politician running in blinkers. He can forget nothing. Let us, therefore, tell him a piece of news we have on the highest authority: Oliver Cromwell is not only dead, he has actually been buried."

LONDON'S conservative *Daily Telegraph* predicts dire results:

"The net result will be that the Irish farmer, from whom De Valera has already collected annuities, will be required to pay them all over again. Such are the benefits which De Valera's policy confers upon his countrymen.

"His partizans are now contending, as they did before the election, that whatever treatment the Free State may deal out to this country, we shall be quite unable to protect ourselves.

"What proportion of Irishmen still believe this nonsense we do not pretend to calculate.

"But outside of the De Valera Cabinet there must be many who understand very well that the Free State can only tax some 7 per cent. of our trade, while we will be taxing 96 per cent. of hers.

"The balance of profit and loss will not be difficult to discover."

Bloodshed in Germany's Political Campaign

"IT'S NOT OUR NEWSPAPER that should be suppressed, but von Papen's Cabinet—and for good!

"And that's what is going to happen on July 31 in the Reichstag election!"

A crowd of no less than 150,000 Communists and Socialists, in Berlin, gathered together without strife for the first time since their parties split after the World War, roared approval at these defiant words of Friedrich Staempfer, editor of Berlin's Socialist *Vorwaerts*.

Von Papen had suppress it for five days for publishing a cartoon representing the German Cabinet as paying for the new uniforms of the Hitlerites by reducing the dole to the unemployed.

A common hatred of Hitler and von Papen unites these adversaries.

At this Lustgarten demonstration Socialists and Communists joined in shouts against Hitler. With raised fists, the Communists shouted: "Hail to the Soviet Union!"

Everywhere in Germany the demonstrations preceding the General Elections are taking their toll of blood. As cabled in an Associated Press dispatch from Berlin:

"There were many outbursts in the Ruhr Basin, one of the worst being at Hattingen, where Communists and Hitlerites battled, causing a casualty list of two dead and thirty injured.

"A Nazi in Schoeneberg, a Berlin suburb, shot two men who tried to take the party emblem off his cap.

"In Cologne a Nazi shot three men, killing one of them.

"At Ohligs four men were wounded during a Communist raid on Nazi headquarters, and at Walsum Nazis and members of the Reichsbanner organization had a battle in which four persons were dangerously knifed.

"There were other riots with casualties at Bremen, Stuttgart, and Gotha."

A special cable poll of the European press undertaken by THE LITERARY DIGEST reveals a sense of ominous foreboding. What answer will Germany give on July 31, asks the French press—reaction or revolution? Summing up the toll of bloody political strife, the conservative, Catholic Berlin *Germania*, close to the defeated Chancellor Bruening, declares:

"The balance-sheet of recent days shows the price the German people are paying for the Government's pro-Hitler policy is excessive, therefore we demand the disappearance of the uniformed party supremacy."

SIMILARLY, the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, representing banking and industrial interests, holds party uniforms—symbols of Germany's incurable craze for militaristic expression—responsible for riots, clashes, and the inevitable bloodshed. As this conservative Berlin daily interprets the present crisis:

"While 10,000 Brown Shirts paraded before Hitler at the Munich demonstration, the iron front in Berlin, guarded by Reichsbanner men, revealed a remarkable novelty: For the first time since 1918 Communists and Socialists marched together.

"One may not conclude from this that the united Red front has been established, for the difference between both Red brother parties are too deep-seated.

"However, it would be a blunder if the Right Wingers assumed that Left Wing Socialism is definitely on the down-grade.

"The struggle is far from decided, and the Communists and Socialists together still represent about two hundred seats in Parliament, or nearly as many as the Hitlerites hope to win.

"Between these two groups, each disposing over twelve

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million voters and hundreds of thousands of uniformed fighters, only two big parties survive, the Centrists and Nationalists."

Meanwhile the defeated Bruening attempts, in his campaign speeches, to consolidate the middle classes against the menace of these extremists. In a campaign address before the Catholic party of Wuppertal, in the Ruhr, Mr. Bruening warned of the danger inherent in the coming Reichstag:

"In view of the impending big majority of all shades of Socialists in the future Reichstag—who as Hitlerites, Socialists, and Communists are at least theoretically linked in many respects—it must be understood that the fulfilment of even 5 per cent. of the demands of such a Socialistic majority would be to strike the strongest possible blow at business and the middle class."

Moscow watches the German fireworks with much more than detached interest, and interprets the bloody clash of classes in terms of its own creed. Thus *Pravda* on the ominous outlook:

"These prospects, however, render possible the formation of the united front by Communistic, Social Democratic, and various other labor organizations in Germany for the struggle against Fascism and reaction, against the lowering of workmen's wages and the abolition of doles.

"It can not be doubted that the victory of Hitlerists in various local governments will eventually provoke a storm of indignation among the workmen, and that it will push an ever-increasing number of them under the banners of the Communist party.

"The Communist party's appeal to various non-Communistic labor organizations for a united struggle against the German bourgeoisie will be heard and answered by thousands of workmen.

"Germany was, is, and will remain the center of the revolutionary movement in Europe. The German Communist party is the only real organizer of the laboring masses which can lead them in their fight against reaction, Fascist terrorism, and exploitation. It is the only party, too, which has an effective program for the liberation of these masses from the slavery of the Pact of Versailles. It fully realizes the historical responsibility it must assume; and it now reorganizes its ranks for creating the united front of all labor organizations for an effective struggle against Fascist dictatorship."

SO TO PREVENT US FROM BEING DESTROYED AGAIN BY THY RUTHLESS POWERS, O EVIL GENIE OF GENEVA, WE HAVE DECIDED THAT THOU MUST GET BACK INTO THY BOTTLE — AT ONCE!
SAYEST THOU!
ARMS
LAKE GENEVA
REDUCTION
STRUWE

"Out of the Bottle"

—"The Daily Express" (London).

Warriors Plan as Geneva Quits

WHILE DELEGATES to the Disarmament Conference maneuver to tear to pieces the Hoover armament-reduction plan, or attempt to shelve it, military experts now fill column after column in the continental press with a technical discussion of a "new doctrine of warfare" advocated by General Douhet.

As summarized by the *Gazette de Lausanne*, the new theory may be boiled down to this phrase: "Defensive strategy for land and sea, aggressive for the air."

This discussion of the tactics of new wars arouses the indignation of papers like the Paris *Populaire*, the *Journal* of Geneva, and other advocates of disarmament, who find behind the attack upon the Hoover proposal the sinister power wielded by the international ring of cannon-makers.

While President Hoover proposes the total abolition of all bombing planes, and the prohibition of bombardment from the air, the "new doctrine" emphasizes the vast superiority of the airplane over all other death-dealing machines; and its application would mean the complete transformation of modern military strategy.

General Douhet has been promulgating this idea since 1921, we read, and his ideas have borne most fruit in Italy. Now, in the Paris *Revue des Deux Mondes*, another military technician, General Tulasne, takes up the question. His ideas are summarized by the Lausanne daily, and the Royalist *Action Française* (Paris) refutes them with a series of technical articles attempting to demolish the new doctrine. The new plan is thus boiled down in the *Gazette de Lausanne:*

"The example of the Great War has demonstrated that, on land, an equilibrium tends to be established between the adversary forces, and that until the resistance of one of the belligerents, worn out by moral and material strain, caves in, all maneuvering becomes fruitless.

"In the air, it is quite different. There, offensive strategy retains all its superiority, experience having shown anti-aerial artillery and pursuing squadrons hardly effective.

"The air is the field in which offensive tactics produce the most efficient results. Aviation can strike not only against enemy aerial forces, but also against armies, against navies, and even against industrial and population centers."

For General Douhet, as interpreted by the *Gazette*, all national defense should be reconstituted to reenforce this central idea of an independent, aerial offensive. He advocates the maximum of bombarding planes constructed to carry the greatest weight in bombs, together with the greatest possible range of action, to insure penetration to the very heart of an enemy territory. With this in view, naval and land forces should be cut to the very minimum, as secondary to the air forces. The *Gazette* concludes its summary:

"The conceptions of General Douhet are spreading in all countries, particularly in Italy, where aviation constitutes, even in its present state, a formidable force already.

"These ideas were the direct inspiration of the maneuvers (sham battles) of August, 1931. About 900 planes took part. Nothing but aeriel operations were included. The fourth day, after two massed attacks upon Spezia and Genoa, the aggressors intensified their efforts, launched 150 tons of projectiles on Milan, capital of the 'national party.' On that same day, about five in the afternoon, the national party asked for peace."

In France, sufficient attention has not been paid to the new doctrine, writes General Tulasne in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Military experts should reopen the problem:

"As they may change the whole art of warfare, and consequently create an intellectual surprize, even more terrific than a technical surprize, there can be no question that these new theories are such that no one can afford to ignore them."

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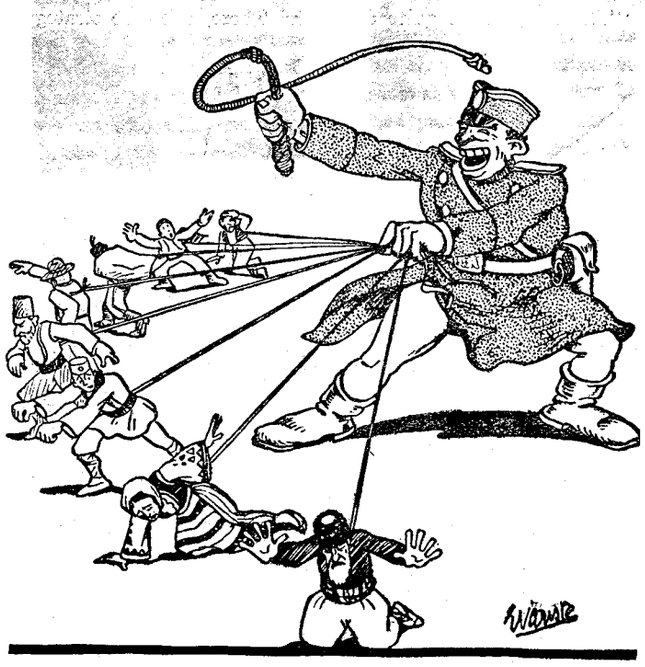
The Balkan "Basket of Crabs"

"NO BETTER THAN A BASKET OF CRABS!" The interminable conflict of races, nations, and patriotisms of Europe were thus characterized by Georges Sorel, as now reported in the Paris *Nouvelles Littéraires*.

Nowhere more viciously than in Jugo-Slavia are these "crabs" clawing, pinching, tearing each other limb from limb, according to Dr. Vladimir Matchek, Croatian national chief. First published in the Paris *Temps*, and reprinted in the *Macédoine* of Geneva, which describes itself as an organ of Macedonian libera-



Tangled Team-Work

Jugo-Slavia's Dictator: "Now, all together for united Serbia!"
—"La Macedoine" (Geneva).

tion, his protest indicts alleged Serbian domination of Jugo-Slavia.

The murder of Dr. Mule Budak, leader of the Croat extremists, has sharpened the Jugo-Slav crisis, cables from Vienna indicate.

ACCORDING to a dispatch from Vienna to the New York *Evening Post*, this murder followed closely upon the publication by the Belgrade *Vreme*, a leading organ of Serbian nationalism, of an article urging all friends of the unified State to rally against "the forces of darkness" which sought "to undermine the unity of Jugo-Slavia."

Vreme alleged that enemies of the State were plotting all sorts of crimes against the country. Two days later, the Loyalist newspapers of Belgrade announced the discovery of four bombs planted in the streets of Belgrade, and published screaming accusations that Hungary and Bulgaria were silently supporting those who perpetrated these assaults. *Vreme* continued to call for direct action. Two days later, Dr. Budak was murdered.

So intense has become this internecine strife that attempts of dissenting political leaders to address their followers are ruthlessly suppressed. Near Belgrade, the police fired upon a political meeting and, according to foreign correspondents, two peasants were killed.

The recently formed new Cabinet of Jugo-Slavia is said to consist of nine Serbs, four Croats, and three Slovenes.

The attempt to unify the Serbs and the Croats during the past ten years, protests Dr. Matchek, has resulted in absolute failure. "Since the fusion of the two nations into a unified State, we are farther apart than ever we were before." The enraged *Vreme* is now accused of inciting the terrorist Pan-Serbian "Iron Guard" against this Croat patriot.

UNLESS some amicable understanding is soon reached, Dr. Matchek pessimistically predicts, "the State must perish." Admitting that he speaks for the Croats only, this "chief of the Croatian nation" nevertheless accuses:

"During the ten years of common life, the successive régimes of Belgrade have left no stone unturned to crush out of existence the Croatian national sentiment and to 'Serbianize' our kingdom.

"The Dictatorship has followed in the old track, and its 'Jugo-Slavism' is nothing but a red-herring across the trail of its activities to lead foreign opinion off the scent.

"Our efforts are not directed at complete separation; all we desire is freedom within our own territory, to be masters of our own life-blood and of our own wealth.

"It is only in this sense that the Croatian question will ever be settled within the framework of the Jugo-Slav State. No other solution will serve!

"The future will depend much more on the Serbs than on us.

"If there should arrive in power sincere partizans of complete parity—of which we can see no sign at present—the affair may well be regulated by means of a loyal pact. Otherwise—and time does not seem to be mending the situation—I am convinced that the Jugo-Slav State is doomed to collapse, and will collapse in reality."

In defense of the Jugo-Slav dictatorship under the King, the weekly *Yougoslavie* of Belgrade protests against false reports concerning impending "revolution." Representatives of the Associated Press and the Milan *Corriere della Sera*, asserts this semiofficial organ, found Belgrade quiet and industrious:

"It is to be hoped that the foreign press might draw a lesson from this, because too often it is deceived by false news emanating from secret sources."

Growing-Pains in Abyssinia

AN ETHIOPIAN STATION-MASTER gets into a fracas with a high-hatted French diplomat.

An ex-Emperor escapes from durance vile at Addis Abeba, dashes to Gojjam, but is recaptured by the troops of the reigning Emperor Haile Selassie.

A sub-king is arrested for obstructing the march of twentieth-century progress.

Such are the symptoms of the growth of the world's last remaining absolute monarchy, diagnoses London's staid financial weekly, *The Economist*, from "a loosely knit medieval monarchy into a standardized state member of our modern 'great society.'" The English weekly interprets Abyssinia's "growing-pains":

"The conflict underlying these various disturbances of the peace is a trial of strength between traditionalism and parochialism—represented by the arrested sub-king and the recaptured ex-Emperor—and the centralism and modernism which are represented by the present incumbent of the Imperial throne of Ethiopia; while the station-master's fracas with the French Minister is the typical gesture of a reawakening Oriental nation up in arms to assert its equality of status with the Great Western Powers.

"In Abyssinia, as in most other Oriental countries that have been through the same metamorphosis, modernization and centralization go together; for the old traditions cling to the soil by local roots.

"In Abyssinia, however, the task of making the authority of the Central Government effective over the local principalities is particularly difficult, since the nature of the physical terrain—a plateau intersected by river gorges and diversified by mountain ranges—gives a formidable advantage to local chiefs who are striving to retain their hereditary powers.

"The present Ethiopian Emperor has been seeking to atrophy the local magnates' *de facto* powers by compelling them to reside, far off from their tribesmen and retainers, in the Imperial capital, while he has sent his own officials to govern their principalities in their stead."

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International

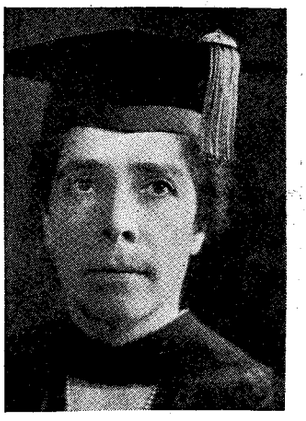
Marion Edwards Park
Bryn Mawr

Keystone

Ada L. Comstock
Radcliffe

Keystone

Ellen Fitz Pendleton
Wellesley



Keystone

Virginia C. Gildersleeve
Barnard

Heads of "Forgotten" Women's Colleges

Now the "Forgotten Woman" in Education

GIVERS ARE GENEROUS TO THE COLLEGES and universities for men, but forget those for women. This is sharply brought out by a survey of the seven leading women's colleges, which shows that the endowment of these seven is "less than one-eighth of that of seven corresponding men's universities in the East."

Thus while the "forgotten man" is being remembered in Presidential politics, the forgotten woman rises to ask for notice in the campaign for education.

The report of the advisory council is signed by impressive names: Newton D. Baker, Bernard M. Baruch, James Byrne, Thomas W. Lamont, the Right Rev. William Lawrence, and Owen D. Young, and the amount estimated as necessary for the proper future prosecution of the work in the women's colleges is put at the tidy figure of $29,645,000.

No effort is contemplated to "drive" for these funds, but the report of the council carries a "suggestion" to philanthropic givers to keep the women in mind.

The leading seven for whom the appeal is made are Barnard, Bryn Mawr, Mt. Holyoke, Radcliffe, Smith, Wellesley, and Vassar. Others, no doubt, could put up an equally good plea.

MANY fail to realize just why the higher education of women is so important to all of us. It is elucidated by the Advisory Council:

"Year by year the position and influence of women have changed. Not only have they in themselves, through their influence upon family life, added immeasurably to the cultural values of the American social fabric, but they have had a direct and far-reaching effect, in a way not foreseen, upon what the men's colleges have been able to accomplish.

"The reason is that women are, to a large extent, the teachers of boys in their primary and secondary school years and upon the soundness and breadth of their training depends in turn that of the boys who are being reared to enter college.

"The influence of the women's colleges has not been confined to the sphere of teaching, nor to excellence in the arts, nor to original research, tho in all these fields they have made notable contributions.

"In the important field of sociology, trained women from these colleges have made extraordinary progress.

"In plans for acquainting women voters with sound political information and knowledge of current political issues, they have been most active.

"They are making their influence felt in domestic political developments, and in the fields of international understanding they are playing a worthy part."

Not to press the point of comparisons too heavily:

"It has been suggested that in presenting the whole situation we should make a graphic comparison of the adequacy of endowment enjoyed by the men's colleges, as compared with the inadequacy of that from which the women's colleges are suffering. Such comparison, however, can hardly be made without doing a certain injustice to the men's colleges.

"For example, it is perfectly true that the total endowment of what might be termed the seven leading men's colleges in the East is over eight times that of the seven women's colleges for which we are appealing.

"On the other hand, at least four of the men's institutions may be ranked as universities, with the obvious necessity of maintaining extensive graduate schools, and professional schools of law, medicine, etc. Thus, manifestly heavier endowments for such purposes are natural and inevitable.

"Avoiding, therefore, any attempt at comparisons that might be deemed invidious, we return to the simple question as to whether the American people will come to consider that the higher education of women is of prime importance.

"Do we want our American women educated as great teachers of our youth; to become mothers of trained taste and intelligence; to have an equipment that will enable them to serve the artistic, civic, and political interests of the community?

"When the American public comes to full realization of such considerations as these, it will see to it that our women's colleges are adequately endowed.

"And we have not hesitated to bring up these questions at this time of financial depression, simply because it is at such times that men are apt to turn from material affairs to those of the intellect and spirit; to give themselves over to the considerations of those phases of life that yield the more solid satisfactions, the more enduring results in the life of our country."

WOMEN'S colleges have a briefer history, the Boston *Transcript* points out as a reason for their inferior financial position:

"Higher education for women was not regarded as either necessary or desirable. Woman's 'place was the home,' and learning for her, then, was a dangerous thing. If a woman had an advanced education she had gained it by her own efforts or owed it to very special circumstances. That notion is certainly in process of effective correction. But to the extent that the popular idea of a great university is still that of a superschool for men, the notion still survives. It is a habit.

"The presidents of these great women's colleges want to get the people, and particularly those people who have money, to give to colleges, out of the habit. It is a reasonable demand. Women's education, with the enfranchisement of the sex, and the attainment of an actual leading force in the elevation of all mankind, has become a matter of equal importance with the education of men."

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The Chicago Opera Portent

GRIEF OVER THE ABANDONMENT OF OPERA in Chicago is not alone Chicago's grief.

It seems to be a portent of wide-spread failure in the domain of arts.

Of course, Chicago will feel it economically. For one thing, there is the magnificent new $20,000,000 Opera House to remain dark during the 1932-33 season. Then not only the singers and musicians, but a small silent army behind scenes will be idle, adding to Chicago's unemployment. "Failing the 'magnificent angel,'" in the words of one of the trustees quoted by the Chicago *Tribune*, "which means Mr. Insull, who had been able to divert something like $350,000 from his private resources to the aid of the company, and with no one able or willing to take his place, also with the guaranty drive practically at a standstill, the decision to cancel the coming season was reached."

Chicago takes the matter stoically, but elsewhere there is emphasis upon other implications than just financial. "The fact is that opera has little real hold upon Americans," says *The Christian Science Monitor* (Boston), which is rather pessimistic:

"It is a curious, if unpalatable, commentary on the status of music in the United States that the closing of the Chicago Civic Opera will leave just one major and permanent operatic association to serve a population of 120,000,000.

"Even in Boston, with its time-honored musical reputation, opera as an institution failed of sufficient support to make it permanent. While it is an open secret that other causes contributed to the abandonment of opera there, it is also true that statistics compiled by its management during the five years of its existence disclosed that it depended for its support upon something like 1 per cent. of Greater Boston's population. In other words, 99 per cent. were indifferent to its appeal.

"The topic is a highly controversial one, but many find the less artificial atmosphere of the symphony and chamber concerts gives fuller satisfaction to the true music lover.

"Be that as it may, however, the regret will remain that Chicago is temporarily to be deprived of one of its attractions, and the hope will persist that, as its trustees imply, brighter times will see its speedy resumption."

THE trouble with opera, remarks the Springfield *Republican*, is that it is one of the most expensive of arts:

"To some extent this is necessarily so, because in combining drama with song and orchestra it combines three costly things. Any large theater is costly, the singers of the first rank are costly, choruses and ballet-dancers are costly, and the support of a full orchestra is in itself a serious matter.

"To give the great operas adequately is financially a large undertaking. But the case has been made worse, and in this country a good deal worse, by undue emphasis on just those things which cost most.

"Opera has suffered not only from the star system but from extravagance at all points. The public has grown to be like a spoiled child that can get no fun whatever from a rag doll, and rebels against any economies whatever.

"On that basis, opera obviously has no future except in very rich and prosperous cities, but it is possible that America may yet develop sufficient interest to be willing to accept it for its own sake without demanding costly and luxurious trappings."

Until opera is propt firmly by its box-office, and is self-sustaining, which it should be, the Providence *Journal* says, coinciding with its New England neighbors, "its wholesome perpetuation can hardly be expected." Then:

"On a less elaborate scale, with costs trimmed to fit the situation, it might be continued. But the public has been educated to splendor and bigness, and it is a question whether a material curtailment would be generally welcomed.

"With improved economic conditions it is probable that opera will be resumed in Chicago. The suspension of activity is a matter of interest in various other communities, of course, for the Civic Opera Company made an annual tour at the close of the Chicago season, and its fortnight in Boston had come to be regarded as one of the outstanding musical events of the year.

"To thousands of New Englanders, Chicago's abandonment of opera spells a serious loss of entertainment."

Opera, has, however, found a way to support itself in Detroit. The Rochester *Democrat and Chronicle* tells how it is done, and adds a bit of local history.

"A local chorus and orchestra is thoroughly rehearsed through the winter months in the repertory to be given; scenic productions are likewise built through the winter months and these represent a permanent asset. Principals are engaged from outside Detroit. The support is through a body of subscribers plus the revenues from the performances. There has never been a deficit, and the city's opera patrons seem satisfied that they get enjoyable opera performances.

"The successful experiments with light operas made in Rochester last season are to be continued, beginning in the fall by the Rochester Civic Music Association. Possibly this project, sensibly begun, may be amplified as to scope of repertory attempted. It is, in view of the short engagements of the Metropolitan Opera here, a practical way by which lovers of opera in Rochester may be given what they want, and the number of them increased."

Where Music Still Hums

GLOOM EXPREST ABOVE over the failure of Chicago's opera might be alleviated by a survey of musical conditions collected by *The Musical Courier* (New York).

"There are still a great number of people who can afford, and will pay for, the sort of entertainment that appeals to them."

If you don't think so, read this:

"Last spring 34,000 persons (a capacity audience) turned out to hear the Metropolitan Opera Company in Cleveland; the huge auditorium in Baltimore was crowded to its limit on three successive nights to hear Gatti-Casazza's forces; and advance subscriptions for next season's New York performances are enjoying a better sale than in a number of years.

"In Fort Worth, Texas, the orchestra concerts for next season were sold out over a month ago. San Francisco reports that hundreds of season tickets have already been taken up for the fall, when the new opera-house will be opened.

"Almost capacity audiences attended the Westchester County (New York) Festival, late in May. Cleveland's summer orchestra concerts are proving so popular that the organization is planning to make them permanent. The Hollywood Bowl management has secured its huge guaranty and is prepared to accommodate 20,000 persons each evening.

"The Cincinnati Zoo Opera season opened with a huge attendance, and those in charge anticipate a record summer. Four thousand people heard 'The Messiah' in Atlantic City, on May 21. In Richmond, Virginia, 150 prominent citizens are banding together to organize a new orchestra, and expect to raise $50,000 to support it.

"The advance sale for the Hillsborough, California, outdoor concerts, which opened June 26, was most encouraging, and indications point to very large audiences all summer. Ten thousand music lovers attended the opening performance of the St. Louis Municipal Opera season. Twelve thousand witnessed the musical pageant presented in Fort Worth, Texas. Evanston's recent North Shore Festival drew big audiences.

"The Philadelphia Opera is expanding its plans considerably. The Goldman Band concerts in New York are drawing tremendous audiences. New York City is to have four new opera companies and a new orchestra in the fall. Both the New York Stadium and Philadelphia summer orchestra concerts opened this week before vast throngs, 15,000 hearing the first of the New York Philharmonic concerts on Tuesday night.

"Sixty thousand attended the Providence Spring Festival, and Pittsburgh reports that last season was the busiest musically the Steel City has ever known."

THEN there is an addendum, not exactly in the musical line:

"This spring Ringling Brothers' circus made its annual visit to New York City and drew the biggest box-office receipts in years. Seventy thousand fight fans paid close to half a million dollars, to see the Jack Sharkey-Max Schmeling battle.

"Facts prove that there is an ever increasing demand for good

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music, and that the public is supporting worth-while offerings. It takes courage to go ahead in spite of obstacles, but who without courage has ever won?

"Wake up, leaders. America is not asleep. She is waiting for you to lead the way."

Fanny Brawne Speaks at Last

"IRONY COULD HARDLY GO FURTHER."

Fanny Brawne "inspired the passion of one of the very greatest poets that ever lived. And it is clear on the most charitable interpretation that she had not the slightest idea of his greatness, and was secretly rather ashamed of her association with it."

This conviction, arrived at by the discovery of a letter from Fanny Brawne, the object of John Keats's passionate adoration, is the solution of an age-old literary mystery. What were Fanny Brawne's reactions to the famous letters to which no answers have hitherto been known?

The London *News Chronicle* makes the above comment editorially, along with the letter upon which it is based, now deposited in the Keats Museum at Hampstead, near London.

The letter has apparently been unknown or unpublished for all these years, since it was written nine years after Keats's death in 1821. It was written in reply to one from Keats's friend, Charles Brown, who had asked permission to include some material referring to her in a prospective biography.

THE letter begins with elaborate sentences about her state of mind in complying with Brown's request, and, finally, comes upon these remarkable confessions:

"Had I been his wife, my present reluctance would have been so much stronger that I think I must have made it my request that you would relinquish your intention. The only thing that saves me now is that so very few can know I am in any way implicated, and that of those few I may hope the greater number may never see the book in question. Do then entirely as you please, and be assured that I comply with your wishes, rather because they are yours than with the expectation of any good that can be done.

"I fear the kindest act would be to let him rest forever in the obscurity to which unhappy circumstances have condemned him. Will the writings that remain of his rescue him from it? You can tell better than I, and are more impartial on the subject, for my wish has long been that his name, his very name could be forgotten by every one but myself. That I have often wished most intensely. To you publishing his poems address to me I do not see there can be any objection, after the subject has been once alluded to, if you think them worthy of him.

"I entirely agree with you that if his life is to be published, no fact ought to be kept back, for all you can show is his character; his life was too short and too unfortunate for anything else. I have not doubt that his talents would have been great, not the less for their being developed rather late, which I believe was the case. All I fear is whether he has left enough to make people believe that. If I could think so, I should consider it right to make that sacrifice to his reputation that I now do to your kind motives. Not that even the establishment of his fame would give me the pleasure it ought.

"Without claiming too much constancy for myself, I may truly say that he is well remembered by me, and that satisfied with that I could wish no one but myself knew that he had ever existed, but I confess as he was so much calumniated and suffered so much from it, it is perhaps the duty of those who loved and valued him to vindicate him also, and if that can be done, all the friends that time has left him, and I above all, must be deeply indebted to you.

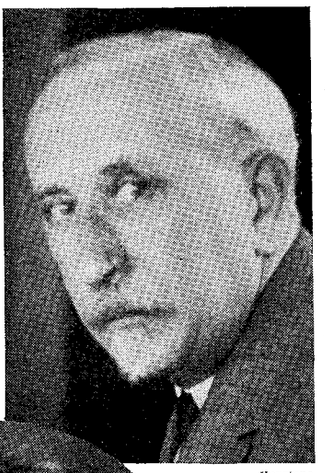
"I am glad you feel that Mr. Hunt gives him a weakness of character that only belonged to his ill-health. Mr. Hazlitt, if I remember rightly some remarks used five or six years ago, is still more positive in fixing it on him. I should be glad if you would disprove. I was a very poor judge of character ten years ago, and probably overrated every good quality he had, but surely they go too far on the other side.

"After all, he was but four-and-twenty when his illness begun, and he had gone through a great deal of vexation before . . ." (Letter ends, other sheet missing.)

This letter, says Robert Lynd, in *The News Chronicle*, was written "to the Brown to whom the dying Keats had written about her: 'My dear Brown, for my sake, be her advocate forever.'"

In expressing her wish that Keats's name could be forgotten Fanny Brawne also wrote and crossed out these words:

"I was more generous ten years ago. I should not now like the odium of being connected with one who was working up his way against poverty and every sort of abuse."



William Allan Neilson
Smith

Keystone

International

Mary E. Woolley
Mount Holyoke

Keystone

Henry Noble MacCracken
Vassar

More Presidents of the Slighted Women's Colleges

The Cover

WHO would not crave a window by the sea such as we show to-day?

Everything looks cool, airy, and luminous.

Marguerite S. Pearson, the artist, was born in Philadelphia, studied at the School of the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, under William James, Frederick A. Bosley, and Henry Hunt Clark; also landscape at Rockport, Massachusetts, under Aldro T. Hibbard and Harry Leith-Ross, and is a member of the Guild of Boston Artists and other art associations. She has exhibited at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Corcoran Biennial, Washington, National Academy of Design, etc., and is represented by portraits and interiors in several public and many private collections.

"Window by the Sea" was painted at Rockport last August, and the subject was an artist friend. The room where the picture was painted was situated directly on the rocks looking across the sea to Pigeon Hill.

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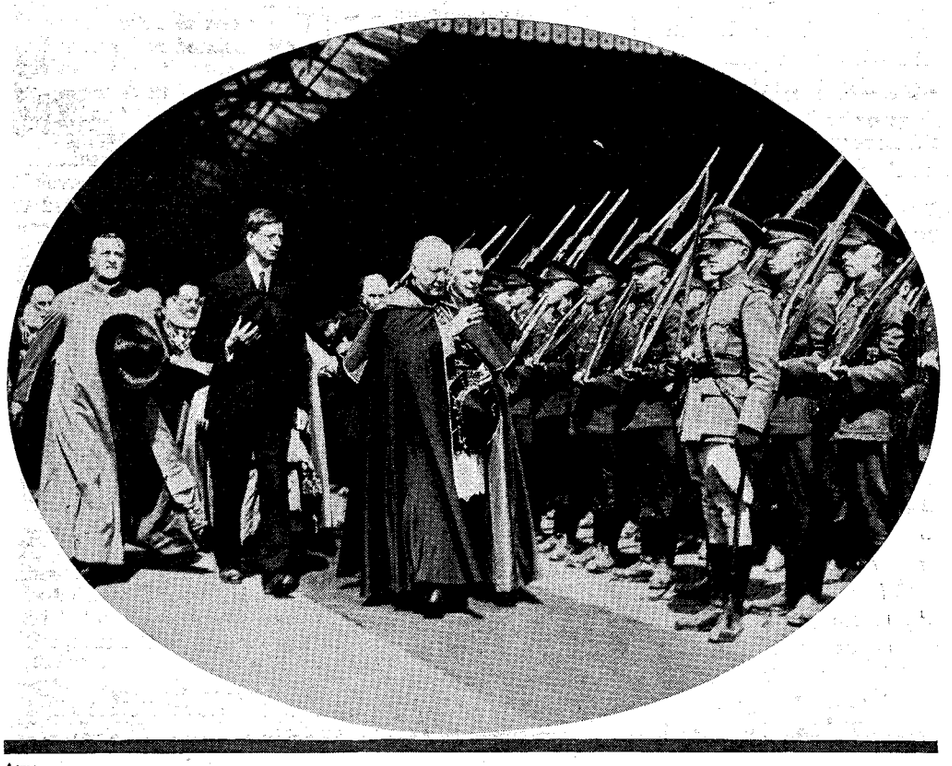
The Eucharistic Congress in Dublin

"DO THIS IN REMEMBRANCE OF ME."

Two thousand years after the Last Supper, 1,500 years after St. Patrick brought the faith back to Ireland, those sacred words were recalled to the largest congregation in the history of Christendom. It was gathered on the 2,000 acres of Phoenix Park, Dublin, for the celebration of Pontifical high mass, last act of the thirty-first Eucharistic Congress.



Acme

In the Footsteps of St. Patrick

Cardinal Lauri, Papal delegate, being welcomed to Ireland for the thirty-first Eucharistic Congress. On his right is President Eamon de Valera, and on his left Archbishop Byrne. Papal chamberlains in medieval ruffs may be seen behind.

A million people, it is estimated, representing twenty-five countries and all races and colors, knelt before the great white altar erected in the park while the Papal delegate, Cardinal Lauri, celebrated the most solemn ritual of the Roman Catholic Church. Only the soft voices of nature broke the hush of awe which fell upon this immense demonstration of faith.

In the words of Cardinal Hayes, "it surpassed the unsurpassable." As the Archbishop of Armagh wrote in the New York *Times* that it would be, here was "a miniature of the Catholic Church, people of every race and color and clime linked together by the unity of one identical faith."

Hostess to half the world, it was Dublin's greatest day. Every flag but the British, we are told, was displayed in the flower-bedecked city. In the matter of the oath of allegiance and the land annuities "the trouble" still lingers. But it did not disturb the act of faith.

AT the end of the great religious drama came the Papal blessing, broadcast from the Vatican.

A regrettable outbreak marred the occasion for Ireland. Catholic pilgrims on their way to and from the Congress were stoned in various parts of Northern Ireland in an outburst of anti-Catholic animosity, and in several places, say the dispatches, Papal and Congress flags were torn down by Orangemen parading in connection with the annual celebration of the Battle of the Boyne, fought more than 240 years before.

However, in Dublin the leading Protestant institutions and business premises were decorated in flags and flowers, "not in a grudging gesture of mere politeness," says *The Irish Times*, "but in a sincere and happy recognition of the national rejoicing." Here for the time being Ireland's woes were forgotten, factionalism died away, civil strife was hushed under the benisons of the Church whose children are of all nations. It was done in remembrance of Him.

ALL the life and color and solemn pageantry of the Roman Catholic Church were called into being for the occasion. Nine scarlet-clad Cardinals joined in opening the Eucharistic Congress in Dublin's pro-cathedral. Near the head of the line was Cardinal Hayes of New York. At the end of the procession walked Cardinal Lauri, holding out his hand in apostolic blessing. Papal chamberlains walked alongside him, in picturesque garb that included black knee-breeches and medieval ruffs. Bishops in purple knelt as the procession passed down the aisle.

"I bring you," said Cardinal Lauri, as he is quoted in a special cable to the New York *Times*, "all of the Pope's great love for Ireland, which always has been second to none in its devotion to the Vicar of Christ."

"However," we read, "one needed to escape from the cathedral into the shabby streets outside to realize the real and living nature of Ireland's Catholic faith. Hundreds knelt on dusty sidewalks listening to the Legate's benediction coming to them through loud-speakers. Hundreds more struggled to kiss his ring when he left the cathedral."

THE same deep, religious fervor was visible in the various succeeding services. Two hundred thousand men listened in Phoenix Park to the appeal for peace and reconciliation uttered by Archbishop Glennon of St. Louis.

"Ireland's days of oppression are over," he declared, say the cables. "Is it not time to end the hatreds which those days engendered? Ireland, to-day, is enjoying broader freedom and breathing freer air, and she should cast away, as her risen Savior did, the cerements of hatred that bound her." In that still sea of faces before him were veterans of the Easter rebellion and the Irish civil war, members of the Irish Republican Army; men from the British Isles and from every British Commonwealth, from America, from Europe and from the far corners of the world. "When," said the Archbishop, "will our poor broken world come to realize that only out of divine charity will come the solution of the tremendous problems which vex it to-day?"

After the benediction, when Cardinal Lauri walked slowly through his vast congregation holding out his hand in blessing,

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we read in a special cable to the New York *Times*, the 200,000 dropt to their knees as he passed. Those near him lifted lighted candles into the twilight, and when he returned to the altar the whole plain was gleaming with myriad points of light. As dusk fell the candle-light appeared to grow brighter, until at the end of the service the whole plain seemed covered with fire.

Pretty hats were ruined and Sunday dresses spoiled by the rain when a hundred thousand women knelt during the service for them, oblivious, we are told, of everything except the mystery and wonder of their faith. Hundreds of fathers stood quietly outside the park gates patiently holding babies while their wives were praying.

It was another inspiring scene the next day when an army of 100,000 children streamed across the park to take their places before the great white altar. "It was an army in white," we read in *The Times*, "the girls in long silk dresses with white veils over their heads, and the boys' costumes including white trousers and white shoes. Many of them had come from pitifully poor homes in Dublin's slums, and more than a few families had gone hungry to dress them properly for the occasion." They sang the "Ave Maria," and throughout the park and over Dublin their clear, childish treble floated through the loud-speakers.

The climax came at the celebration of the solemn Pontifical high mass by Archbishop Michael J. Curley of Baltimore. For a mile in every direction the great park was massed with people—a million of them, it was estimated, tho it was like trying to count the stars. "Every one who was there, Catholic or not," says the *Times* writer, "was awed by the immensity of it, and agreed it was a stupendous demonstration of the Catholic faith."

After the mass the crowd trudged in solemn procession to O'Connell Bridge, five miles away, in the heart of Dublin, where, from an altar built above the River Liffey, Cardinal Lauri pronounced the Papal benediction.

The same unearthly stillness which fell upon the vast crowd when Cardinal Lauri lifted the host aloft for all to see followed him as he was borne toward Dublin with the sacrament—the Catholic holy of holies—in a glass-enclosed coach of white gold pulled by golden cords. President de Valera, ex-President Cosgrave, John McCormack, the singer, and other leading figures of the Irish Free State, we read, walked alongside the kneeling Cardinal in the stately march toward the city.

"A picturesque column of monks walked ahead," says the correspondent—"Franciscans in brown, Trappists in white, Jesuits in black—and there were thousands of priests with white surplices over their black robes. As the procession neared Dublin it was joined by a majestic column headed by eight Cardinals, their scarlet trains held by train-bearers."

By different routes came the people, singing hymns and chanting "Hail, Mary, pray for us." They filled all the streets in sight of the white-and-scarlet altar on the bridge. "Those who had room knelt on the cobbled streets, and the hymn 'Adoremus' welled from half a million throats when Cardinal Lauri mounted the glass-enclosed altar."

"I earnestly exhort you, my dear brethren, during these precious moments," said the Cardinal, "to revivify your faith in the real presence of Jesus Christ in the sacrament of the altar, to rekindle your hopes in His infinite goodness and mercy, and to inflame your hearts with charity, and rejoice with exceeding joy because the very God who created heaven and earth and who is the Lord and Master of us all will come into your midst and will bless you."

Wide World

No Sign of a Decaying Faith Here

This catch of the camera shows a few of the million who attended the Eucharistic Congress in Dublin. Here they are hailing the arrival of the Papal delegate. All races and colors were there.

Then, from the distant Vatican, in sonorous Latin, came the voice of Pope Pius: "May the benediction of God Almighty, of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost descend upon you and upon your—indeed our—most beloved Ireland, and remain with you always.'

"The ceremonies will live long in the memories of those privileged to witness them," comments the Dublin *Irish Independent*. "They were a magnificent demonstration of the faith that animates the people of Ireland. Only a few days ago the Anglican leader, Dr. Barnes, bewailed the decay of faith. If Dr. Barnes had been in Dublin during the last few days he would have seen that, so far as the Catholic Church is concerned, the faith still, as always, is a vital force in the lives of the people."

The attack on the Catholic pilgrims in Northern Ireland is generally regretted by the Government and press alike. "The Government," said Viscount Craigavon, Premier of Northern Ireland, in an official statement, "condemns these cowardly outrages in the strongest possible manner, and is determined to take active measures to bring the offenders to justice. It calls upon all citizens to support the authorities in preserving the fair name of the province."

Across the Irish Sea the Leeds *Mercury* declares that "there can be no justification for the dastardly attack."

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Holding to the Color Line

WHEN A THROUGH TRAIN from the South pulls out of Washington for the North, the Jim Crow cars are dropt off. Negro passengers may seat themselves with the white passengers.

In the South they make separate accommodations for the two races, and the principle of segregation, they say, works to the advantage of both.

For the Jim Crow Law

Bishop Warren A. Candler, nicknamed "Shorty," who believes racial lines are ordained of God.

In the North the Jim Crow law is not recognized, but, as even Negro delegates to church conventions can vouchsafe, it has the force of custom in many places. In fact, as noted in these pages May 28, the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, North, found it necessary to pass a resolution never to hold a session in any city where the color line is drawn.

But Bishop Warren A. Candler, of Atlanta, Georgia, one of the militant leaders of Southern Methodism, believes that national and racial lines are ordained of God, that denominational lines, too, are to be respected, and he says that the resolution passed by the Northern Methodists at Atlantic City is a mistake.

"They will not be able to maintain that resolution," he writes in the Atlanta *Journal*, "without great damage to their church and injury to the interests of the Negro."

AND when the seventy-five-year-old Bishop speaks, we are told, he commands attention. Tho only slightly more than five feet tall, and nicknamed "Shorty" by his friends, he is powerfully built. He has a wonderful voice, says his friend, Dr. Elam Franklin Dempsey, author of "Wit and Wisdom of Bishop Warren Aikman Candler." His whole personality combines brilliancy, comprehension, and profundity. A great generalizer, he compresses a whole volume into one sentence. He wears pince-nez or tortoise-shell glasses. In the pulpit, where his words "seem to weigh a ton," he wears a cutaway. He is a great conversationalist, loves his home, travels much, smokes cigars, and abhors cigarets.

The differences in language and custom and ineradicable racial instincts, says the Bishop, form an effective bar to the effacement of national lines. "It is perfectly true," he concedes, "that the men of different races should treat one another with kindness and brotherly consideration, but that does not mean that the racial distinctions and racial affinities and antagonisms can be ignored."

The color line is drawn in the North as well as in the South, points out Bishop Candler, and he recalls that:

"It has not been long since a Detroit court ruled that a Negro may own property in a restricted district of that city, but he may not occupy it. One of the leading papers of the South discust the decision in this wise:

"'We are not criticizing the decision of the court in this case. We cite it merely as proof of the inconsistency of our Northern friends on the race question. Sometimes they permit themselves to become all wrought up over imaginary injustice done the Negro in the South.

"'Frequently a Northern lecturer or writer discourses glibly about the so-called race problem, when he knows little or nothing at all of what he is talking about. Nevertheless, he often does much harm by creating in the minds of uninformed Negroes the impression that social equality exists north of the Ohio River.

"'When the misinformed Negro quits the South and removes to a Northern State, he finds that he has been deceived. Sometimes he meets with violence at the hands of those who he had been persuaded were his friends. That is just what happened in Detroit. Then the matter got into the courts, and now the Negro finds that he can get no consolation there.'"

PROPOSALS to efface national and racial lines, maintains Bishop Candler, are not the conclusions of reason and good judgment. He holds to a like opinion in regard to denominational lines. He notes that the Baptists and Episcopalians refused to go into the merger which resulted in the United Church of Canada, and that a part of the Presbyterian Church remains aloof. "There are just as many denominations in Canada as ever," he says, "and there is more denominational strife and irritation." He maintains, then, that—

"To merge all the denominations into one great obese body would not promote definiteness of belief, but would suppress it, and thereby destroy its energy.

"It would not manifest an intelligent interest in religion, but would rather show a slovenly indifference to truth if all men agreed that one creed is as good as another, and that definite religious belief is a matter of no consequence."

Suicide as a "Cowardly Evasion"

"FINANCIAL DIFFICULTIES"—how many times has that been put down after the name of a suicide! More significant is the apparently increasing tendency to condone the final acts of those who refuse to face poverty, and decline the chance to try again. "Victims of the depression," they are called.

Actually they are victims of prosperity. Money had eased their bodies, but starved their souls. Mammon is a hard master.

Looking at it thus, *The American Church Monthly* welcomes the letter of Bishop Oldham in which he condemns the condonation of the suicide of a famous and wealthy manufacturer. "It is high time for the pulpit and religious press to emphasize strongly the wickedness of suicide," says this Episcopal periodical, and it goes on:

"Sympathy for the family and friends, and the natural feeling exprest in the maxim *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, make it hard in individual cases to appear to pass judgment, and the Church (Episcopal) in General Convention, by the alteration in the rubric of the Burial Office, has taken away a needed support from the parish priest.

"The warranted revolt from the barbarous practise of former centuries, whereby those who took their own lives were buried at a crossroads at midnight, and a stake driven through their bodies, has resulted in a weak sentimentality, and we have ceased to express and, perhaps, to feel the horror we ought.

"An element in the present sad situation is the tremendous mental strain under which business men are now laboring, and the dazed bewilderment with which many are beholding the wreck of their fortunes.

"But this fact suggests where the true evil and the possible remedy are to be found. It is to be noted that the suicides are chiefly among those who have been ardent in their pursuit of wealth, that its attainment has not bought satisfaction, and that its loss has meant despair.

"It is a wrong aim in life, the overvaluation of physical comfort, the mistaken emphasis on the temporal and material, which make the downfall so great and so disastrous. When the world fails those who have thought only of it, there is nothing to live for. Without hope, they are of all men most miserable. The answer to their distress can be found only in the cross of Christ, and in the knowledge of Him who was rich, yet for our sake became poor.

"A contributing cause to the epidemic of suicide is the tremendous publicity given to such cases as that of Eastman and Kreuger. Experience shows that whenever any act becomes a matter of notoriety, it finds numerous imitators. The press could do a great service by presenting such things in their true character—as cowardly evasions."

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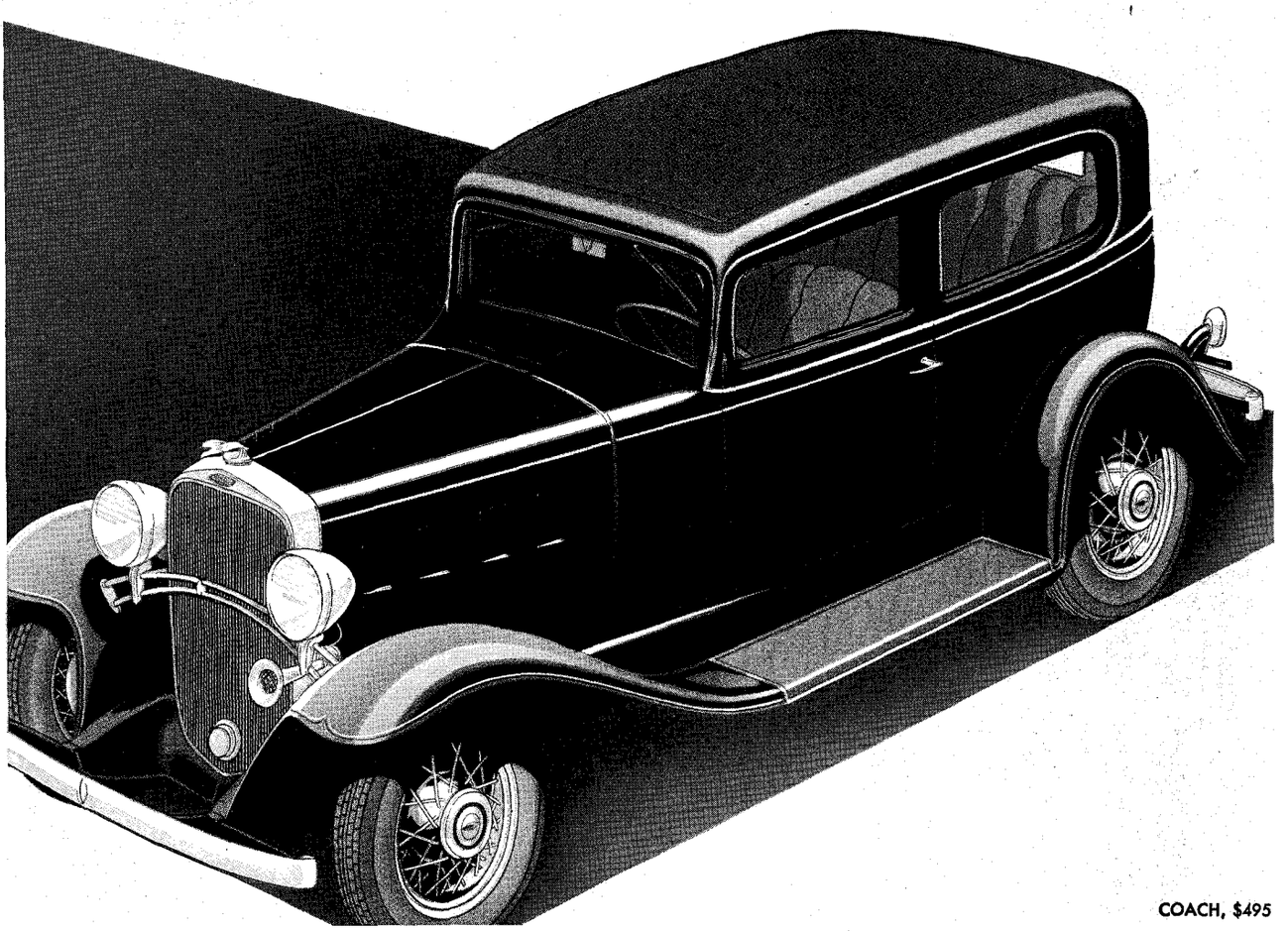

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It's the economy and smoothness of six cylinders that are keeping Chevrolet first in sales

The new six-cylinder Chevrolet is *America's largest selling automobile.* First choice of the nation last year. Again first choice in 1932. And one of the most powerful reasons for this continued leadership: "*SIX CYLINDERS. No more—No less!*" America is awake to the matter of cylinders in a low-priced car. Refuses to sacrifice either economy—or smoothness. Insists upon the *one and only* type of motor car engine that combines both: a SIX! Six is the *largest* number of cylinders you can have, and still get Chevrolet's famous economy of gas, oil and upkeep. Six is the *smallest* number you can have, and still avoid inherent vibration. Six is *just the right number* to strike a perfect balance of unexcelled economy and smooth performance. That's what America wants: Not one, but both! And that's what Chevrolet alone provides. Chevrolet also provides many other superior features, which America seems to *prefer* and *demand:* Fisher bodies. Large, luxurious interiors. Adequate weight. Four parallel-mounted springs. Free Wheeling. Syncro-Mesh gear-shifting. All these advantages combined in a big, substantial, quality SIX—that now sells at prices as low as $445! How could you expect Chevrolet to be *anywhere else but* FIRST PLACE in nationwide sales?

• • •

All prices f. o. b. Flint, Mich. Special equipment extra. Low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms. Six wire wheels and fender wells on all models, $15.00 list additional.

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CHEVROLET AS LOW AS $445 F.O.B. FLINT MICHIGAN

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What to Do When the Home Fire Is Burning

A FIRE OCCURS IN SOME HOME about every minute and a third, and since nobody knows when or where the next one will break out it is highly advisable to learn as much as possible about the things that we can do to protect ourselves and our families.

Fires occasionally start in sleeping-rooms, but far more commonly in other parts of the house—particularly, the basement and the kitchen.

Says a contributor to *Safety Engineering* (New York):

"Suppose the man of the house is awakened by the smell of smoke or by the crackling or roaring of flames. His first duty is to ascertain the conditions with which he has to contend, so that he may surely avoid doing the wrong thing.

"His first natural impulse is to throw the bedroom door wide open and rush into the hall; and he will probably do this unless he has been warned of the danger of being suffocated by smoke, or of breathing hot air and gases.

"Suppose that the fire originated in the basement. Such a fire finds plenty to feed upon—old newspapers, rubbish, and discarded objects of various kinds, as well as wood and other stores—and soon reaches dangerous proportions. Eventually it burns through the floor and the smoke and hot air escape into the hall of the first floor and thence, by way of the stairs, to the second floor.

"By the time the man of the house has been aroused, the hot air rising from below will have built up a pressure higher than the atmospheric pressure in the bedroom. The hot blast through a suddenly opened door might have serious consequences.

"If the door is hot to the touch, conditions in the hall are serious. In such a case it will be necessary to try to escape from a window or to attract the attention of somebody outside.

"If escape by way of the window is not feasible, he should make sure that his door is tightly closed and should then use a chair or some other object to break all the glass in the windows, in order to admit as much of the fresh outside air as possible.

"Suppose that his bedroom door is cool when he puts his hand on it. There would still be some risk, however. He should stand close to the door and behind it, out of the direct draft. The knob should be turned cautiously, and the door opened only a short distance at first. If there is a violent rush of hot air, the door should be closed immediately.

"However, if there is little or no pressure on the door he may open it gradually, go cautiously into the hall, and arouse the other members of the family. He should close every door that is opened, in order to keep down drafts.

International

"Fire Occurs in Some Home About Every Minute and a Third"

So it is "highly advisable to learn as much as possible about the things that we can do to protect ourselves and our families."

"The next problem is to get out of the house. If it is possible to go down the stairway, each person, in doing so, should keep close to the wall because the smoke and hot air will be ascending in greater volume on the open side of the stairs. There is usually less smoke near the floor, and it may be advantageous to crawl on the hands and knees, when proceeding on the level. Wet cloths tied or held over the mouth and nose are helpful, but too much time should not be spent in finding them.

"If the stairs are impassable because of flames, escape can be made only by way of the windows. Persons often jump from windows when it is not necessary to do so, and sustain serious injuries. Jumping should be postponed as long as possible, and every effort should be made to attract the attention of rescuers from the outside.

"Various kinds of flexible ladders or fire-escapes have been devised for use in homes, and these may be the means of saving lives if they are immediately available when needed. Preferably, there should be one of these devices in every room above the first floor, and all the members of the family should know how to use it. If nothing better is available, a strong rope, with knots about a foot apart, might well be kept in each room. If it becomes necessary to use the rope, one end should be tied to a bedpost or some other strong object in the room, and the other end thrown out of the window. Bedclothes knotted together might also serve.

"Knowing what to do in case of a fire would save many a life, but it is far better not to have a fire. The great majority of fires are wholly or partly preventable. The more common ones include carelessness in the use of matches and smoking materials; improper installation and operation of stoves, furnaces, and boilers; defective chimneys and flues; sparks on roofs; and unsafe disposal and handling of hot ashes and coals and open fires.

"Regarding the fire losses during 1930, The National Board of Fire Underwriters says that 66 per cent. of all fires occurred in homes, and that there were 10,217 deaths due to fires. Of lives lost in dwellings, 30 per cent. were children under ten years of age.

"Our own lives may be threatened by fire in our own homes at any time. If we know what action to take we may be able to save ourselves and those dear to us. It would be infinitely better, however, if we would all work together to eliminate fire causes and fire-breeding conditions."

Hail at Its Worst

"A VIOLENT hailstorm," writes S. D. Flora, of the U. S. Weather Bureau, "has to be experienced personally to be appreciated." Official reports of storms in past years contain statements that seem scarcely credible to a person who has never been in the path of heavy hail, either while it was falling or shortly afterward.

"Crops on which the livelihood of a farmer depended have time after time been pounded into the ground, total losses. Houses have had roofs shattered and weather-boarding stript of paint. Every severe hailstorm of late years has left a trail of automobiles with tops punctured, and in many cases windshields smashed, and even bodies and fenders dented." Says Charles Fitzhugh Talman, in his Science Service feature, *Why the Weather?* (Washington):

"In his last annual review of such visitations in the United States, Mr. Flora tells of one that occurred near Warsaw, Missouri, early in June, 1931. The region was visited by a correspondent of the Kansas City *Star* soon after the storm. He found a scene of desolation seven miles long and from a mile to a mile and a half wide in the Ozark farming community of Passo. The storm was reported to have lasted forty minutes. Stones as large as baseballs fell with such force as to strip houses of weather-boarding, kill poultry and live stock, and pile up four feet deep in the roads. One man was asleep when the storm broke and

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knocked down his front door. He ran to hold a blanket over the doorway, but the hailstones nearly bowled him over. The following day hail was still being shoveled out of houses and barns, while cultivated fields looked as if they had been the playground of a giant with a shovel."

A Non-Alarming Fire-Alarm

A FIRE-ALARM THAT AVOIDS ALARMING anybody was shown at a recent convention of the Fire Protective Association in Atlantic City. It automatically detects a fire and then forces the fire to announce itself in a human voice, which calmly warns people, instructs them how to leave a building, and starts a band playing to help them march out quietly.

The apparatus has just been perfected by engineers of the Western Electric Company working with the Garrison fire detecting system. Beside the unusual technical features, the use of a voice and a band instead of the traditional gong is based on the findings of modern psychology as to the way people react to emergencies and to different kinds of sound. Says H. W. Forster in a press account:

"By means of electrical devices, the system combines an automatic fire detector with a music reproducer which is connected to loud-speakers. In the demonstration a small flame is placed near the fire detector. A few seconds later the detector responds in three ways. It sends an alarm straight to the fire-house, directing the firemen to the side of the building nearest the fire, while in front of the building itself an arrangement of lights shows them in what particular part of it the fire is located. At the same instant the music reproducer commences playing, and is heard over loud-speakers. Thirdly, green arrows light up, pointing out the correct route for exit.

"The record, designed in this case for use in a school, begins with a flare of trumpets, followed by a distant siren. Then a calm but commanding voice says: 'There is a fire emergency, but no immediate danger. You must leave the building. You are drilled in this, and know just what to do. Leave your hats and coats, take your places in line. Steady now, don't rush. Follow the green arrows.' A brass band strikes up a martial air and the sound of approaching sirens is heard through the music.

"Everything in the record has a definite purpose. The band piece was chosen for its strong marching rhythm. The siren is injected to accustom the children to it in drill so that they will not be frightened when they hear the real thing for the first time. Fire chiefs recommended the command to abandon hats and coats, as experience shows they are likely to be dropt, causing others in the line to stumble.

"The automatic fire detector uses special wiring which is sensitive to heat. The core is a fusible alloy enclosed in a steel sheath which is slit along its entire length. At 160 degrees Fahrenheit the alloy melts and expands forcibly. It spurts through the slit and, making contact with an outer metal sheath, causes a short circuit that sets off the alarm. In actual installation, this wiring is placed throughout a building, and a very small current, enough to spring the alarm, is kept flowing through it.

"In the sound system that is used, the music reproducer is associated with an amplifier which may be connected to loud-speakers of any size placed in any number of rooms, hallways, and auditoriums. All the vital apparatus in the system is protected in a fire-proof vault.

"'The bell or gong of the traditional fire-alarm,' said William Lindsey, president of the Garrison Fire Detecting System, 'actually alarms and frightens people, but does not tell them what to do. Modern study of the effect of sound shows that clamorous sounds of that kind, even in the absence of an emergency, tend to make people feel excited and lose their heads. That is just the thing to avoid in an emergency.

"'Most of the classic stories of heroism at fires tell of the man who kept his head, who calmly issued commands that were sensible and compelling. He is the man who ordered the band to keep playing. You can't count on having that kind of a man on hand every time! But you can coolly and deliberately plan the best commands to give, and the best way to give them and put those onto a record. Couple this with an electrical fire warden who stands guard in every room of a building every minute of the day and night ready to save the first precious minutes in discovering a fire, and you find that science has constructed a mechanical hero who can be present at every fire.'"

Identification From Watches

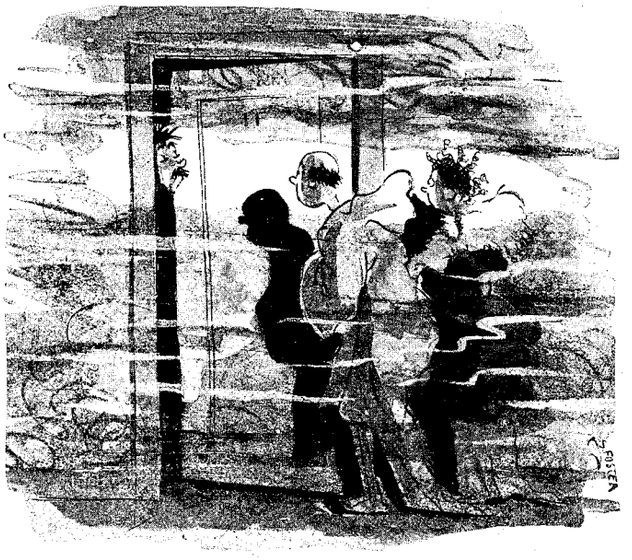
YOUR WATCH WILL TELL WHO YOU ARE. Within it, unless you have just bought it, are the certain evidences of your occupation.

If you are an insurance agent and your watch shows that it has belonged to a baker, you may be called upon to show how you acquired it.

This evidence consists of the minute dust that accumulates within the watch-case. This, blending with the oil in the works, finally forms minute lumps.

The movement of the watch is in time affected, and it must go to the jeweler to be cleaned.

If tiny particles of stone dust work their way into the time-piece, the wheels may actually be worn by friction, as happens to automobile parts in sandy regions. This penetration of the watch by dust particles is inevitable, as Dr. Séverin Icard has shown by tests, according to the Paris *Journal*. He says:



"Pardon me, but may we use your fire-escape?"
—"Judge."

"A watch in the pocket may assume the temperature of the human body. The air in the watch expands and escapes through the various interstices in the openings of the case, at the hinges, and so on.

"The watch, taken out of the pocket, cools. The result is a current of air going into the watch and taking with it the minute dust particles it may carry.

"Microscopic study of these affords accurate ideas of the profession of its owner—that is to say, when the dust particles are of a dominant and characteristic kind.

"The baker's watch and the miller's watch will always contain grain particles.

"The coal-man's watch, the stoker's watch, the miner's watch will contain tiny coal particles.

"The cabinet-maker's watch holds its telltale wood elements. The mason and the cement-worker exhibit a watch penetrated by appropriate particles.

"Tiny bits of vegetable matter show up in the watch of the worker in dry beans or peas; wool is found in the sheep-herder's watch, and rice powder appears in the watches of ladies who cultivate their beauty.

"This is why the detective can always get a clue to the occupation of the owner of any watch that he examines. He can tell if a man is giving his occupation accurately by mere examination of the suspected individual's time-piece.

"If characteristic particles be found in a watch which is assumed to have been stolen from a baker, and if its present possessor has never been a baker, and if in addition he can not prove that he came honestly by it, the inference of theft becomes a certainty.

"These dust particles inside a watch are preserved there for a surprizingly long time. Tiny particles of tobacco dust were found inside the watch of an old priest who had been dead ten years."

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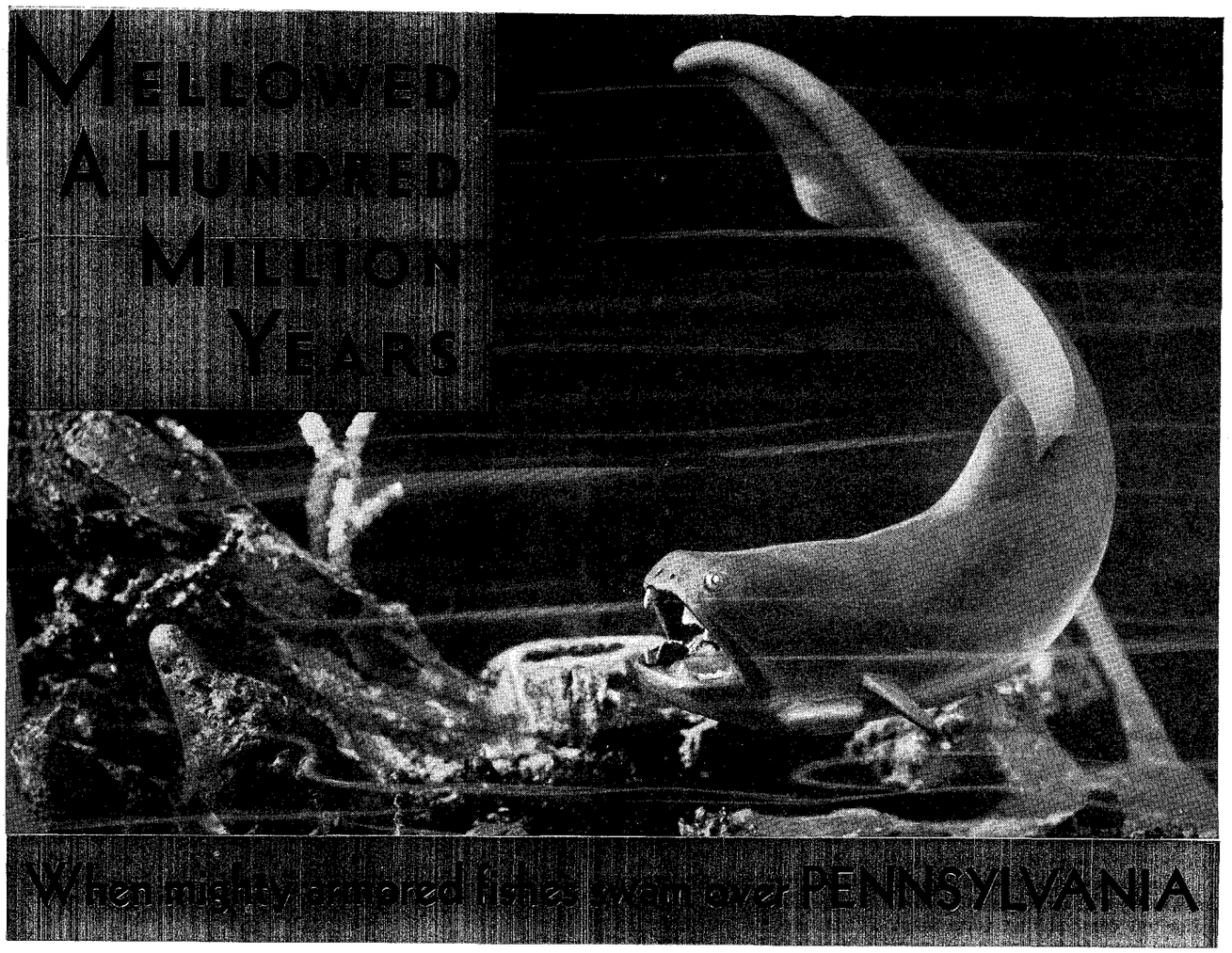

The Devonian Age of a hundred million years ago was the source of two wonders:—the tremendous, saw-toothed fishes whose fossils you see in famous museums—and the crude oil found in the Bradford-Allegany District of the Pennsylvania field which Sinclair refines into Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil.

Bradford-Allegany crude is Pennsylvania's costliest crude. Sinclair pays an extra price for every barrel of Bradford-Allegany crude because of its remarkable lubricating quality—a quality which was established by the perfect oil-forming conditions in the Devonian Age, enhanced by a hundred million years of mellowing and filtering.

In process of manufacture, Sinclair Pennsylvania Motor Oil is not only de-waxed, it is also freed from non-lubricating petroleum jelly—a process which requires chilling the oil down to as low as 60° F. below zero.

Have the nearest Sinclair dealer change your oil to Sinclair Pennsylvania according to the Sinclair Law of Lubrication Index. Notice how quietly your engine runs. Observe how the oil stands up—how, at draining time, it comes out of your crankcase almost as good as it went in. Notice, particularly, how little oil has been used up—positive, visible proof of protection for the last mile as well as the first!

NOTE: *For those who prefer a Mid-continent motor oil Sinclair dealers also sell Sinclair Opaline Motor Oil, blended from the oldest Mid-continent crudes (mellowed 80 million years) and de-waxed and freed from petroleum jelly at as low as 60° F. below zero. Sinclair Refining Company (Inc.), New York, N. Y.*

Tune in Monday evenings 37 NBC Stations SINCLAIR MINSTRELS

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The Biway: A New Subway Plan

A NEW PLAN OF HIGH-SPEED mass-transportation has been offered by engineers of the Westinghouse Company, which they believe "should revolutionize the rapid-transit systems of our congested metropolitan centers." It was briefly described in our issue of July 2.

Fundamentally, according to a bulletin issued by the company's news department, it is a development of the moving-sidewalk idea, in which two parallel traveling platforms or trains maintain continuous transportation service.

Stations are eliminated. Entrances from the street will be at intervals of 100 yards or less. The Biway will also have entrances from practically every building along its route. An average ride on the Biway will consume five minutes less time than the same ride on the subway. We read:

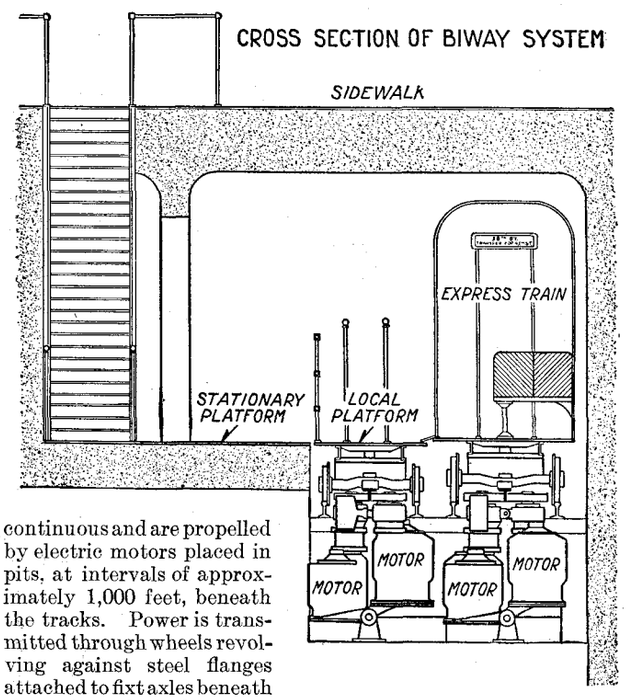
"There is a continuous stationary platform entirely around the loop served by the system. Next to this platform is the local or transfer platform, also continuous, which stops to receive passengers every fifty seconds.

"Between stops it reaches a speed of seventeen miles an hour, the speed of a second continuous platform known as the express train.

"Passengers board the first of the moving platforms or belts of cars at any point. When it is moving at the speed of the second parallel platform, gates open and they enter the express where they remain for the trip. Between its meetings with the local platform, the speed of the express increases to twenty-two miles an hour.

"It never stops. There is a loading and a transfer every 50 seconds. Since each of these movements lasts 10 seconds, no one ever waits for a train more than 40 seconds.

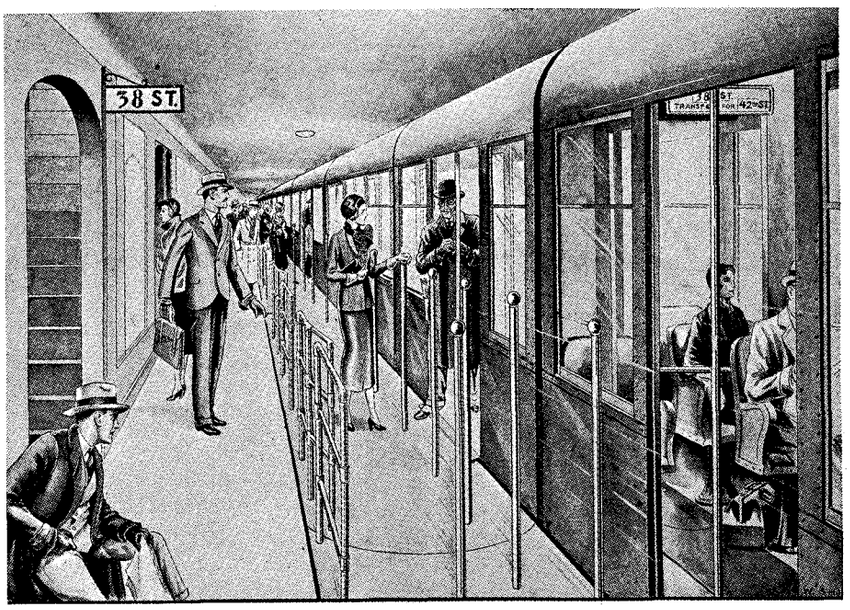
"Neither the express train nor the local platform of the Biway system carries a motor. Both the local platform and the train are continuous and are propelled by electric motors placed in pits, at intervals of approximately 1,000 feet, beneath the tracks. Power is transmitted through wheels revolving against steel flanges attached to fixt axles beneath the train and platform.



"Control buttons or switches at each power station and at frequent points along the route enable attendants to stop the system instantly in case of emergency. Protecting gates, gong signals, and other automatic devices practically eliminate all chance of accident. Since both trains and the stationary platform are continuous, it is impossible for a passenger to fall under the wheels. Car floors cover the entire track space.

"When worked up to its maximum carrying capacity, the Eighth Avenue subway will be able to handle about 160,000 passengers an hour. The Biway will handle 205,000 passengers an hour. It will not only have 28 per cent. more capacity, but nearly three times as many seats as the subway.

"Since passengers can board the Biway at any point, crowding at stations will be eliminated. Time between stops will be less than half the average time between subway trains, which means less time for people to gather and much shorter distances to walk at the ends of the ride."



The Express Train That Never Stops

The moving platform seen in the center accelerates to express speed to permit the exchange of its passengers with the express, then slows to a standstill to drop or pick up local travelers. It's all merely imaginary so far.

A Lost Island

WHERE is Sarah Ann? The astronomers want to know. For the island of that name may be the only chance of observing with scientific usefulness an exceptional total eclipse of the sun on June 8, 1937.

She was once confidently marked on the charts of the Pacific Ocean just north of the equator. In recent years the name of Sarah Ann has not been on maps, for Sarah has been listed among the missing. She is a lost island. Says Watson Davis, managing editor of Science Service, in *Science To-day*, a tri-weekly feature (Washington):

"When Prof. James Robertson, director of the Nautical Almanac of the U. S. Naval Observatory, plotted the path of totality of the 1937 sun's eclipse, he found that it will lie about nine degrees north of the equator across landless Pacific waters. Sarah Ann Island seemed to be the only possibility of finding dry land for the instruments of astronomers who are eager to journey around the world for the opportunity of seeing the moon hide the sun for a few minutes. The U. S. Navy's Pacific Fleet has been asked to search for this island that has disappeared. Probably the Germans will also try to locate it, for the U. S. Naval Observatory has made special computations for the 1937 eclipse at the request of the Germans.

"The 1937 eclipse will have the longest period of totality in recent years, lasting for 7 minutes 3.5 seconds. The longest duration possible is 7 minutes 30 seconds, but the total phase of the eclipse of next August 31, which will attract thousands to northern New England, lasts only about 1½ minutes. The next total solar eclipse after that in August will be in 1934, visible from the Pacific Ocean, and exceptionally favorable for another check of the Einstein theory of relativity. In 1936 there will be an eclipse in Japan. Future total eclipses of the sun visible from the United States occur in 1963, 1970, and 1979."

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It Takes a Wild Man to Lick Hard Times

DEPRESSION? POOH POOH! BERRIES ARE RIPE. Squirrels are in the trees, catfish in the creek.

These are prosperity guaranties to one who became a wild man as a refuge from his own private depression as far back as 1926.

Ever since that flight from civilization, George Survel has been coaxing a living from the wilderness along the Big Muddy River bottoms in the southern part of Illinois.

A two-legged lone wolf of the solitudes, retiring from the eyes of his own species, he found out which kinds of trees had inner bark that was good for a hungry man to gnaw.

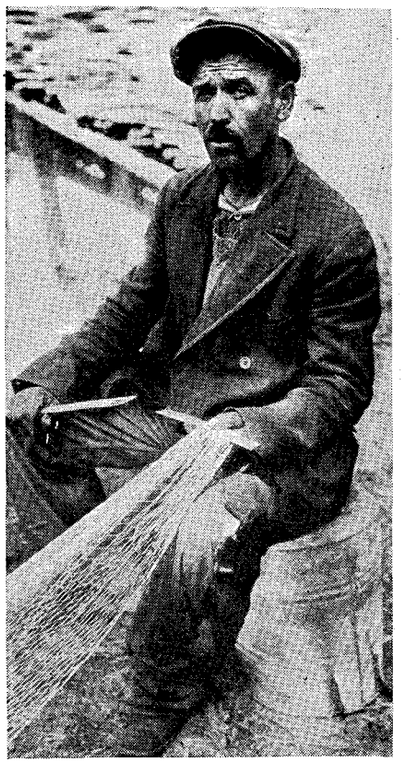
Like a squirrel, he stored up nuts for the long winters. He learned which herbs, grasses, berries, seeds, and roots were worth chewing, and which mushrooms and toadstools might be devoured in safety.

Not having long teeth or claws, or a furry skin, nor such substitutes as a hatchet, hammer, nails, needle, spade, or fish-hook, he was at a grave disadvantage compared to his little wild brothers and sisters, but he trapt a fish now and again, and found he could eat it raw. Also he made some gastronomic discoveries which might be of interest to the only Oscar. For instance, if you dress fresh muskrat flesh with crabapple juice it's jolly good eating, especially after a fast.

Acme

Rents High? Forget It and Build a Nest on a Bluff

IN fact, six years as a wild man gave George quite an education—of a kind. And he didn't do it for the wife and kiddies. He didn't go wild with a brass band. He didn't go wild to get on the front page, or to write a book, or to lecture, or indorse merchandise, or go on the stage or the air or the rails to Hollywood.



Acme

The Illinois Wild Man After a Free Shave and Haircut

No, this exceptional wild man went wild privately and modestly, moved solely by want, failure, unemployment, sickness, and dread of utter wastage in the world of factories, cities, noises, and people.

The story of George Survel, his long disappearance, the finding of him, his run-in with the Illinois authorities, his brief imprisonment, and his return like a lost child to the Big Muddy River bottoms, is told under a Zeigler, Illinios, date-line in the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* Magazine.

Perhaps 1932 isn't the best of years for a distrustful hermit to be dragged back into the world from whose economic stresses he fled in 1926. A groundhog, smelling six weeks of winter ahead, doesn't return to his hole more promptly than George did to his wilderness when they let him go.

THE *Post-Dispatch* correspondent regards Survel as a living proof that modern man is capable, without preparation, of plunging back into a caveman existence, and making good. He relates:

In 1926, George Survel was missed from his former haunts in Zeigler. His friends wondered where he had gone, but not for long. He had faded from sight, and was soon forgotten.

On May 1, 1932, a report went out from Benton, the county-seat of Franklin County, Illinois, that Andy E. Goodwin, State Game and Fish Warden, had found a wild man in Big Muddy bottoms.

The report contained the information that the wild man was being held in the county jail. Throngs rushed to see the freak of nature, for so was he classed by the excited residents.

It soon developed that the "caveman" was none other than the almost forgotten George Survel.

The charge upon which he was arrested was a violation of the State fishing law. Survel had no fishing license. He was haled before a Justice and fined $25. Having no money, he was sentenced to fifteen days in the county jail.

Sheriff Browning Robinson at once became interested in the exile, and had him shaved, shorn, and supplied with proper wearing apparel. Then Survel was ready to talk.

Tho he is an Austrian by birth, and had long been shut off from conversation with his fellow men, he spoke fairly good English, and unreservedly told his strange history, which was, in substance, as follows:

"My brother and I came to this country in 1902. After some roaming around, we finally settled at Christopher, Illinois, and worked at the Coello mine for several years. Later we went to Zeigler, and there worked until the outbreak of the World War.

"Soon afterward we returned to our native land and took up arms. We fought through the war, but I was hurt in the head. After the war was over we came back to America, and my brother was killed in a mine accident in Pennsylvania."

Now comes the chain of circumstances which ended in Survel's flight from the haunts of man and his taking a gambler's chance

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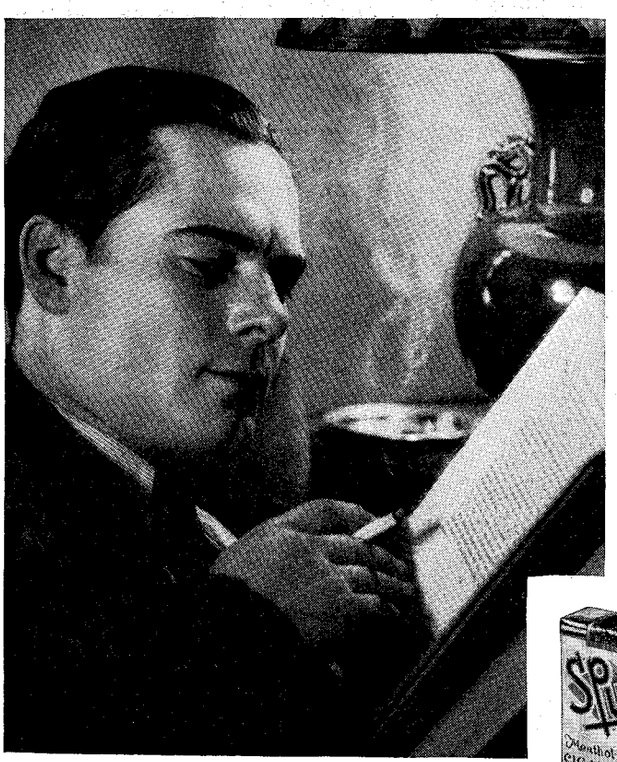

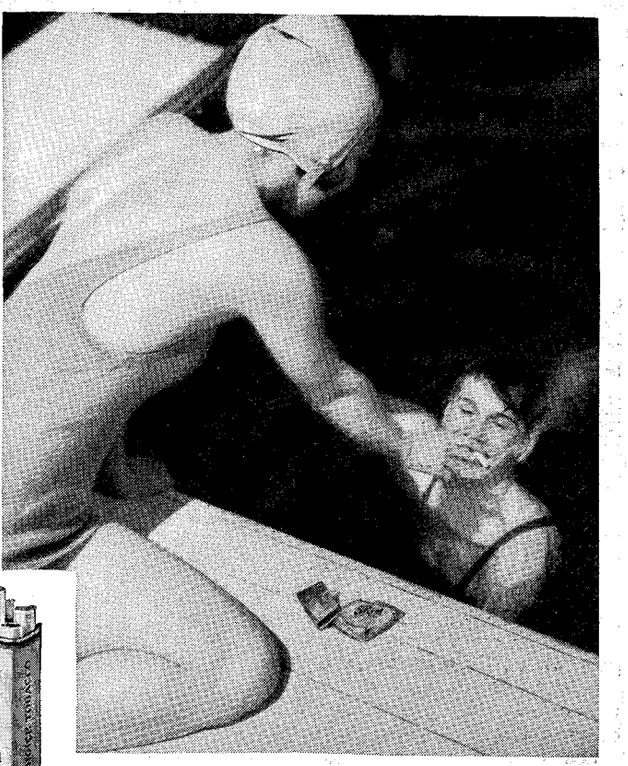

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in those of savage nature. He returned to Zeigler and again went into the mine, but:

"I was all the time sick, and could not stand it. I had saved no money, and could not live off my friends.

"I was afraid they would send me to a hospital or poor-farm, and it made me tired of life, yet I did not want to kill myself.

"I finally decided that I would go into the deep woods, where no one would see me, and there risk making my living without help from any one.

"I first went east of Zeigler, and built a rough shack and stayed there four years. It was a hard life, and at times I would almost decide to go back to my friends, but then I would know that I could not work to pay my way, and would be a burden. So I would decide to stay in the woods.

"Tho food was hard to obtain, the thing I missed most was tobacco. I gradually lost the craving to smoke, but when they first gave me cigarets at the jail, they tasted as good as ever."

New York *Evening Post* photograph

"Noah's Ark" Rejoices in Its Own Electric-Light Plant

'TWAS here that Survel told of some of his gastronomic discoveries. "Turtles are good, but hard to fix for eating." He complained of the close smell of the atmosphere indoors:

But the recluse [we read on] was not required to serve the allotted fifteen days in the county bastile. The authorities reasoned that he had committed no great crime in trying to wrest from nature a primitive subsistence, and he was soon released.

Afterwards he was seen at his home in the woods and was asked why he came directly back to his shack. He replied:

"Why should I stay away? I have no folks, no home but this, and I was just as glad to get back here as you would be to get back to your home after being away from it for weeks."

Two days after Survel had returned to his crude home on the banks of Big Muddy River, two men with cameras slung from their shoulders trudged through the dense underbrush along the bank of the river, searching for the strange man and his strange home.

Workers in a field near by told the cameramen about how to find the exile, but warned them that he was very shy, and would run off and hide as soon as he saw their approach.

Survel was sitting in a little clearing near his house, and was working on a fish-net. It was later learned he had got the cord for the net he was making while at Benton.

The men crept stealthily through the underbrush, hoping to get within talking distance before surprizing the man.

But these fears of his sudden exit were unnecessary, and when they called out, "Hello, there, George," he replied, "Hello, boys; come right in."

Seated on a log and happy with their cordial reception, the visitors entered friendly conversation with the exile.

"It was an accident," said George, "that prevented the people in Benton from seeing a real wild man. I had not had a shave or a haircut for six years until shortly before the game warden caught me. Always when fishermen came down the river I would hide, but this time some men were right in my yard before I saw them, and we sat down and talked together for a while.

"They asked me why I did not get my hair cut and my whiskers trimmed, and wash my face and hands. I told them I had no razor, no shears, and no soap, and that there was no use in washing anyway, because I would soon get dirty again.

"They said they had some shears and soap, and would cut my hair and trim my whiskers and give me soap to wash with, but I told them it was no use, as I was not going anywhere. But they kept on talking about it, and one of the men said he would give me a loaf of bread if I would eat it. I told them no, as I did not care for bread.

"Then one of them brought a package of tobacco out of his pocket and said he would give me that if I would let him cut my hair and wash me. The old craving for tobacco came back, and I agreed to let them do what they wanted to. I thought it would be good to be able to smoke again.

"Then they cut my hair and trimmed off my whiskers as close as they could with the shears. I took the soap and went down to the river and washed my hands and face, so the people in Benton did not get to see me looking like a wild man."

THE wild man's rickety nest is constructed in the side of a high knoll, just a few feet from the river, we are told. "The roof, made of old pieces of tin, is almost level with the earth behind." Stepping gingerly inside:

The interior of the house is about eight by twelve feet. Its furnishings consist of an old, dilapidated stove, a few boxes, and a bed made on the floor of bags filled with leaves. The roof is nearly all made of tin, apparently being old tin cans smoothed out, and now very rusty.

Asked if the roof leaks when it rains, Survel said: "Yes, in a few places, but I will fix it when some more old tin cans float down the river."

Yes—and Now It's "Noah's Ark" on the Harlem River

ANOTHER BRAVE SLAP IN THE FACE for Old Man Hard Times!

While the wild man of the preceding story was taking to the Illinois woods, an optimistic group of Harlemites were taking to the water.

The Chinese have shown the world for centuries that folks can live on the water when the land is too crowded or expensive, or otherwise under a cloud.

Maybe it's imitation, maybe just opportunism—anyway, we read of a new Noah's Ark, "a floating museum of bric-à-brac, junk, tools, motor-car engines, flower-boxes, weather-eaten life-preservers, battered upholstered chairs, half-repaired stoves."

To the casual observer it may be "a curiously littered canal-boat." Its bow is beached on the bank of the Harlem River, under a railroad trestle, in New York, Norman Klein tells us in the New York *Evening Post*.

But to Joe Elder, the ark's "Noah," it is a pretty palatial residence, what with its recently installed home-made electric lights, its shower-bath, and all.

Tangible proof that Providence looks out for the faithful.

So Noah is trying to pass along some of this Providential care.

"I'm caring for nearly a hundred colored boys out of work," he told Mr. Klein. "I get them odd jobs. I create work. There's no bread lines around here. The white people care for their own; it's only fair. We got to care for our unemployed, too. It's hard times for our race. I've got three colored men, ship's carpenters, at work restoring those four launches tied to my boat. We raised them from the river."

Thousands of Westchester and Connecticut commuters, gazing idly from windows, have watched "as the ark, day after day, accumulated a fence made of packing boxes, a striped awning with the words 'Tropical Trading Company,' several

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water-soaked work boats, flower-boxes," the *Evening Post* writer tells. Further:

"Noah," or Joe Elder, is forty-three, and he lives on the ark with his wife, Alice; his old piano, and six dogs. One of the dogs is named Elephant. Noah's wife is expecting a baby, and Noah says it's going to be a fine boy, and he'll name it after the Democratic nominee for President.

"I've made my own electric-light plant," Joe Elder said. "I got a hold of a two-cylinder, four-cycle engine off'n a concrete mixer. Then God was good and gave me a three-horse-power dynamo. I hooked 'em up, strung wires on the boat, and to-night all I do is crank up the engine and the lights pop on. I've made everything myself. It just takes persevering."

Four years ago, the Harlem wrecked Joe Elder's home on the river bank. The water ate under the house and turned it over. They lost everything. Young Mrs. Elder sat on the bank, weeping, holding a frying-pan, a police puppy, and Joe's overcoat.

"Don't cry so, Alice," Joe Elder said. "We'll get started again. Wait and see. It just takes persevering. You've got to have faith in the Lord."

The Lord, Joe Elder said, sent him the seventeen-year-old canal-boat, *George Fields*. It's ninety feet long, and came from Whitehall, New York. Joe Elder bought it for $10. He built a shanty forward; the Elders moved in. That was a year and a half ago.

Since then, the river's donated household goods, this and that. Now, "Noah" Elder and his wife and dogs luxuriate in a duplex apartment aboard their river ark. In front, on an enamel washtub top, is painted: "National Negro Boat Terminal."

Out on the river bank, in the shade of the trestle, a ruck of obsolescent automobiles and trucks.

At the entrance to Noah's Ark, "a trellis archway made of packing-case strips," of which we're told:

It's adorned with imitation flowers salvaged from a vaudeville house. There's a garden on the débris-littered river bank. Some nasturtiums and canna lilies grow in enamel wash bowls salvaged from a wrecked apartment-house.

"The boys collected good rich earth from manholes," Joe Elder said. "That makes those flowers grow mighty fine."

He led the way aboard his crazy ark. The deck tilted toward the water, which has risen over the stern. Inside, like ship's quarters, Joe Elder has built a duplex. The "music-room" is on top, a bedroom below. He said room was so scarce he had to build the "music-room" around the old piano he bought for $2.50.

He sat down and played "You Try Somebody Else." He played pretty well.

"I play the piano, I play the saxophone and violin," Joe Elder said. "If you've got music in your heart you'll never get discouraged."

He dived down some rickety steps, showed a visitor the bathroom. The walls are made from wrecked electric-refrigerator walls. But they're enamel, they gleam white.

"Look, I got a shower," he said, and he turned a knob. Water swished from a spray in the ceiling. Near by lay some Scotch bagpipes, a pair of elk's horns from a dismantled saloon, an ancient radio, broken pictures, river treasures salvaged by Joe Elder. A very old boiler stood in the corner.

"Hot water for the missus," he said.

...here's good news for you!

You can't repair a clutch bearing on the highway, can you? Come on out and let us tell you how you can avoid this annoyance and expense in the future. If it is any consolation, we can tell you that over three million motorists had the same clutch bearing trouble last year. Crawl out and listen to some good news.

Good news! No more expense for burned-out bearings, for at last an oil refiner—maker of the world's finest oils and greases—offers *Insured Lubrication!*

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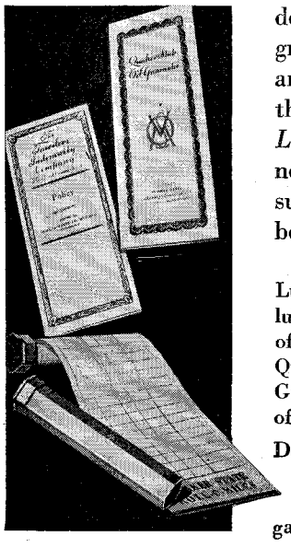

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Ten Good Men for the Walker Cup, But No Goodman!

YOU CAN'T KEEP A GOOD MAN DOWN.

But you can, it seems, keep a Goodman out of the Walker Cup team.

The other day the United States Golf Association announced the ten players who will represent this country in the Walker Cup matches with the British at Brookline in September.

Oddly enough, less interest was aroused by the personnel of the team than by the fact that Johnny Goodman, the brilliant Omaha amateur, was not among those present.

Ouimet as Captain Excites Nobody's Surprize

Johnny deserved a place, critics assure us, solely on the strength of his record. He first won his way to fame, you'll recall, by eliminating Bobby Jones in the 1929 U. S. Amateur. Since then he has abundantly proved that this victory was not a fluke.

Turning, however, from the man who isn't on the team to the men who are, we find this distinguished list of names:

Francis Ouimet of Boston, captain.
Jess W. Sweetser of Bronxville.
Harrison R. Johnston of St. Paul, Minnesota.
George J. Voigt of New York.
Donald K. Moe of Portland, Oregon.
Maurice McCarthy, Jr., of New York.
Charles Seaver of Los Angeles.
Billy Howell of Richmond, Virginia.
George T. Dunlap, Jr., of New York.
Jack Westland of Chicago.

CHOOSING a team was no easy task, according to a writer, who tells us in the New York *Sun:*

When last a side was chosen to meet and defeat the British at Sandwich in 1930, the team practically selected itself, for amateur golf in this country at the time was in a well-ordered condition.

Since that time the situation has been radically changed.

The retirement from the amateur ranks of Bobby Jones and George von Elm vacated two of the team positions, and the failure of Don Moe, Dr. O. F. Willing or Jess Sweetser to play in the last national amateur championship further complicated matters. Harrison F. Johnston, the 1929 national champion and a winning internationalist, had also failed to make the grade into the last two national championships.

Out of this mix-up in reputations and the clamor set up by the advancement of certain young players of the caliber of Billy Howell, George T. Dunlap, Jr., Gus Moreland, and Charley Seaver, the selection committee had to thread its way warily.

All in all, the squad selected may be defended with assurance.

The designees who qualified without question are Francis Ouimet of Boston, the reigning national amateur champion; George Voigt of New York, a consistently able player in the national championships and in the British events, and Maurice McCarthy, Jr., who reached the quarter final round at Merion in 1930 and the semifinal round at Beverly last fall. It was by the narrowest of margins that he was beaten by Jack Westland for the privilege of facing Ouimet in the final bracket.

This establishes only three of the selections as copper-clinched. About the other seven it is possible to raise individual doubts, but some claims are stronger than others. Jack Westland was runner-up for the title last fall, a fact which has been recognized by the committee, but which, on the other hand, did not work as a principle, for Gene Homans, runner-up to Bobby Jones in 1930 and comedalist with Jones in 1929, has not been selected.

GEORGE DUNLAP, we are reminded, has been a consistent competitor for years. "As a youngster he became known as the Pinehurst Wizard, and as a collegian he joined Fred Lamprecht and Dexter Cummings as a two-time winner of the national intercollegiate crown." Moreover:

He recently won the Long Island title and the medal in the Metropolitan Amateur. Only Tommy Tailer, winner of the Met Amateur, has a better current season record in the East, and Tailer's background is not as impressive as Dunlap's.

Billy Howell has been a "favorite son" candidate ever since he climaxed his series of Southern tournament victories by facing Ouimet in the semifinal round of the championship at Beverly. Howell and Gus Moreland of Texas are rated on a par as golfers, but Moreland had the misfortune to be ousted from the Beverly field on the first day, after playing superbly in the qualifying rounds. Moreland had two 70s in his qualifying trial for the National Open this year, but with few places open that wasn't good enough to win.

Some doubt was exprest over Moe's right to face the British, for it has been two years since he played in the amateur. Last year his qualifying score in the Northwest would have gained him entrance in any other district in the country. The committee has, in his case, undoubtedly recalled his brilliant match against J. E. Stout at Sandwich in the 1930 matches, when Moe shot a 67, to snatch the victory out of the fire after being 5 down at lunch.

Charley Seaver's peak was reached at Merion in 1930, when he was practically a finalist, until Gene Homans overtook him with a 70 in the afternoon session of the semifinal. Seaver, a blond giant destined for fame as a Stanford footballer, makes his bow as an internationalist.

COMING back to that "Horatio Alger type of celebrity," who is Goodman, George T. Hammond, also in *The Sun* writes thus:

The first time Goodman came into national prominence was in the fall of 1929, when the national championship was played at Pebble Beach on the Pacific coast. And the exact instant was some hours before he eliminated Bobby Jones, much to the consternation of the Far Westerners.

P. & A.

But Why, Cry the Fans, Is Goodman Out in the Cold?

Goodman had been working for a sporting-goods house as a salesman, in no way capitalizing his skill at the game, and he had held the job for some time. When Johnny Dawson, who also worked for a sporting-goods house, was cross-examined, with the result that he withdrew from the championship, somewhat the same thought of pressure was exerted on Goodman, but he refused to see how his amateur standing was in any way affected, and insisted upon playing through.

Destiny took a sardonic hand in the proceedings when, after the qualifying play had been cleared away, Goodman hit the U. S. G. A. publicity campaign in the Far West a body-blow by removing from the field Bobby Jones, the big gate attraction. Goodman played sound golf, and Jones has never minimized this defeat, one of the most dramatic and sudden reversals that ever overtook the Atlanta wizard.

Since the Pebble Beach fiasco Goodman has missed few

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opportunities to add to his reputation, altho he has yet to win the amateur championship. He has been the outstanding amateur, since the departure of Bobby Jones and George Von Elm, in qualifying for and play in the National Open, two years ago leading all the district trials. This branch of his career he brought to a brilliant peak by shooting a 68 for his final round in the National Open at Fresh Meadow, becoming low amateur. Inasmuch as Goodman presumably received the medal as low amateur, it is difficult to understand how his status should not be satisfactory as a candidate for the Walker Cup team.

In 1930, at Merion, Goodman was one of the eleven who had qualifying scores under 150, and his 149 matched Francis Ouimet's qualifying total. In the first round, Goodman lost to the California champion, Johnny McHugh, who has since turned professional. The score was 1 up, very close.

Last fall, at Beverly, Goodman was again the victim of one of those eighteen-hole match-play vagaries, dropping a decision to young Billy Howell of Virginia, 2 and 1, in the second round. It should be clear as crystal that Goodman is the only nominal amateur in the country who may feel slighted by the selection committee. He has on numerous occasions demonstrated his ability to score, and is far more consistent than half the choices named by the committee. While Don Moe, Harrison Johnston, Jess Sweetser, and Jack Westland have been in and out of the championship thirty-two during the last two years, Goodman has been right there.

How Literature Stole the Political Spotlight in Chicago

"THAT'S Alfalfa Bill," said the top-flight political correspondent to the little girl reporter from San Francisco, whom he was trying to impress. "We're great pals."

But the girl from the coast was not interested in the Governor of Oklahoma and how he and her Washington friend were as thick as sorghum in winter. Governor Murray, to this girl at the recent Democratic convention in Chicago, was just another Presidential aspirant.

But "when a dinosaurian figure darkened the Michigan Boulevard front of the lobby she leapt into girlish agony, clapped her hands and sang:

"'Ooh!! There's Heywood Broun. Do you know HIM?'

"Soon the writer—yes, he knows Heywood—was being dragged down the tile floor to introduce the girl to Broun."

For, according to a United Press dispatch by Ray Tucker, the elephant and the donkey were not the main attraction at the big Republican-Democratic political circus in Chicago.

'Twas the literary lions present to cover the proceedings that had the onlookers gathering round, open-mouthed in wonder.

Says Mr. Tucker further:

The star attraction along Michigan Boulevard, in the hotel lobbies and headquarters, and at the Stadium when the regular show was on, were the specialists of the press assigned to caricature, columnize, pulverize, and picture.

There were all kinds. Columnists, theater critics, sports writers, prize-fight experts, radio speakers, authors, a Ziegfeld alumnus, and plain "lit'ry fellers," as Calvin Coolidge used to say.

Such names as Will Rogers, Heywood Broun, Frank Ward O'Malley, Henry L. Mencken, and Julius Tannen illumined the hotel and convention registers.

It seems strange that in a year of economic crisis the convention should be covered by the largest assortment of wits and wisecrackers in political history.

It is true that they didn't write or say much about any issue except Prohibition. They seemed to have scant background on the gold standard, revision of the Federal Reserve system, economic planning, and the World Court.

Their talk was all of star-dust and sawdust, short-stops and sonnets, actresses and anchovies. They yodeled of vanished golden ages, but they bemoaned Augustus, not Coolidge. Each night they organized a new liberal party dedicated to high enterprise, but each morning found them once more among the wage-earners.

It's dreams which stir them after dusk and dollars after dawn.

To be fair, these "observers" gilded the Chicago scene with its only touches of color, warmth, humor, amusement. They were to the conventions what the "Sons of the Wild Jackass" are to the Senate—brilliant, tho erratic. Chicagoans and delegates thrilled more over their antics than over the doings of Cabinet members and prospective Presidents. The gay, grinning Alfred E. Smith was the celebrities' only political rival.

HENRY MENCKEN was second choice of the celebrity-hunters, Mr. Tucker tells us as he continues:

He delivered a snappy retort when Will Rogers was mourning, half in jest, half in earnest, like the natural-born philosopher they tell me he is, at the abortive effort to ditch "Brother Charlie" Curtis. Rogers, of course, had a tribal feeling of loyalty for the Kansas Indian.

"Oh!" snapt the Baltimorean. "You half-breeds have been getting altogether too much from Uncle Sam. We Americans want a real Indian this time."

Chicago's curious customs furnished opportunity for their practical jokes.

Hotel phone operators, for instance, awaken guests with a Windy City greeting: "It's 8 o'clock, sir," they say, "and the temperature is 70."

So one wit replied:

"What's the blood-pressure?"

Then there's the bonny Boniface who runs a place where the food is excellent and the napery sparkling. A Washington correspondent, who had sipped a few shrimp cocktails, promptly pulled a paling from the fence in the open-air garden. The proprietor accepted his explanation that his middle name was Brookhart, bowed benignly, and begged that the famous one autograph the broken picket.

Hooray for Depression!—"So," said the guest, who was waiting for his dad, "you want to move to some other town, eh?"

"You bet I do," said Johnnie.

"Where do you want your folks to go?" he inquired.

"Some place where they can't pay the teachers and have to close the schools," replied the kid.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

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Does Radio Cut the Football Gate?

HARVARD'S FOOTBALL HERO flashed into action. On his own fourteen-yard line he grabbed the Army's pass and ended the cadets' last hope of victory.

With the speed of a thoroughbred horse and the irresistible momentum of a locomotive he plunged down the field for a touch-down.

Thousands of spectators rose as one man, screaming with ecstasy, groaning with agony.

"Yea, touch-down! Yea, touch-down! Go it, boy!"

"Stop him! Stop him! Stop that run!"

But the touch-down was made, and the stands went wild all over again.

John H. Fan twiddled with the radio dials. Then he sank back in his easy chair. He took another pull on his pipe and another sip of his—er—hot chocolate.

"Some game," he sighed contentedly. "Some game."

It was "some game," and John H. Fan enjoyed every moment of it over the radio.

But what was its ultimate effect on him?

Did he find football via radio so pleasant that he resolved to hear, but not see, all future games?

Or did it fill him so with enthusiasm that he determined to go to the game in person the next week?

According to a lot of colleges, Mr. and Mrs. Fan and the little Fans are staying away from games in droves, and they blame the radio. So the Eastern Intercollegiate Association has banned broadcasting of games this fall, as we reported recently, because, they say, the radio decreases the revenue needed to support other sports. Many other college associations have done the same.

But they are getting little but blame. Almost all sports and editorial writers insist that football broadcasts produce fans who will go to the ticket window later. Not a few observers point out with rather malicious chuckles that the colleges have finally admitted that football is a business—after years of insisting that it is just a game to entertain the boys, and violent protests against commercialization of the game.

Only a little while ago, it has been pointed out, Yale, a member of the E. I. A., which has banned the radio because it hurts business, was being praised for a new athletic plan designed to end or decrease gridiron commercialism.

THE Eastern Intercollegiate Association is not the only body to kick the microphone out of the stadium. An Associated Press survey of this movement reveals the following data:

The Southern Conference, consisting of twenty-three colleges and universities, decided at the close of the 1931 season to bar football broadcasting, until further notice.

The Western Conference, Big Ten, according to its commissioner, also is opposed to putting future games on the air.

The Southwest Conference has ruled out all broadcasting except that covered by existing contracts.

The Big Six group, meeting in Kansas City, deferred action until the National Collegiate A. A. session in Los Angeles, just before the Olympic Games.

The Pacific Coast Conference has put the problem into the hands of a committee, which, it is understood, does not plan to banish the microphones from the stadiums but will require that universities receive a share of profits, if the broadcast is for advertising purposes.

Meanwhile, broadcasters, as represented by one national chain, the Columbia Broadcasting System, look upon the attitude of the colleges as a "step adverse rather than helpful to the sport." The National Broadcasting Company chain did not comment, but Columbia Broadcasting System issued a statement in part as follows:

"Naturally, we regret the action.

"It is apparent that the broadcasting of national football spectacles, which a vast portion of the distant audience could not attend anyway, serves to whet interest and increase attendance at sectional stadia.

"To limit the scope, especially in such times when the nation is looking for wholesale amusement, would seem to be a step adverse rather than helpful to the sport."

The Chicago *Tribune* opens the attack on the collegians with the observation that "the theory seems to be that the way to attract an interested public is to displease it." Then it asks, "How high is higher education?" and proceeds:

The radio has been the reliance of the person who could not get to the game.

It has stimulated his interest to see what it described to him.

It has been a consolation, not a substitute. The people at the radio, Saturday afternoon, for a football game are people keenly interested in the sport. They are the people who, when it is possible, fill the seats at the game.

The wise collegers propose to deprive them of an incentive to their interest, of a pleasure which makes the fall the exciting season of the year for them, and to stop the publicity which a sound business would pay to get.

The alumni of the colleges are constantly urged to loyal contributions. They are widely scattered over the country. They are interested in the radio broadcast. The athletic managements propose to let them out.

THE listeners-in, to whom the game broadcasts are a great treat, will be the losers, in the view of the Indianapolis *Star*. And in the Baltimore *Sun*, C. M. Gibbs disputes the argument that radio keeps crowds away from games. He declares:

To us it has always seemed that the human reaction to a stirring description of a game is the creation of a desire to be there in person, the next time. Of course, there has been a lot of criticism over the manner in which broadcasts have been made, but whenever anybody ever does anything in this vale of tears that suits everybody perfectly—then will the millennium have been reached.

The Brooklyn *Eagle* also doubts whether radio is causing football to lose money, and draws an interesting argument on this score from the world of music, saying:

Those responsible for the broadcasting of opera have taken a stand diametrically opposed to that of the football lords. They have proceeded upon the theory that opera on the air will be a direct stimulus to box-office receipts. Other sports than football, notably boxing, have seen no threat to their business in broadcasting.

Other onlookers remind us that the recent Sharkey-Schmeling fight was practically a sell-out in spite of the fact that it was known that it would be put on the air. And in the Chicago *Daily News*, Howard Mann, the sports editor, suggests sarcastically:

Perhaps the football folk would find it to their advantage to cooperate with the radio folk.

Why not let the announcers stay, and add a crooning quarterback to the team? Let the back-field do some snappy quartet stuff, and the coach's speech between halves would make hot hearing if not overcensored.

All this would increase interest for the radio listeners, so that a lot of them would want to go to the games.

PERHAPS the bitterest of all the critics is Herbert S. Allan, who writes in the New York *Evening Post:*

The E. I. A., of course, is not prompted by any selfish motives in attempting to drive the people away from their loud-speakers.

There always is a noble purpose behind the efforts of football authorities to increase gate receipts.

In the old days the reason most frequently urged for attendance was that the gridiron game developed the character of the nation's youth and, therefore, deserved the support of every patriotic citizen.

When that became suspect as a cloak for commercialism, the pigskin promoters changed their argument to the defensive one that football was the "angel" of all other sports, and had to earn large profits to finance them.

Isn't it barely possible the populace has tired of the flapdoodle that goes with the games, such as bands in the uniforms of Park Avenue doormen marching behind goose-stepping drum-majors

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with paint-brushes stuck in their hats, and playing college songs like "Going Back to Nassau Hall" fifty times of an afternoon?

May not thousands of former customers have come to the conclusion it is more fun to sit beside a cozy fire with an invigorating beverage in one hand and a mellow pipe in the other, and take in their stride as much football as they conveniently can pick up out of the ether, than to freeze on a hard concrete seat and juggle a flask while drunks climb on their necks, scream in their ears, and make it impossible to enjoy the game? In short, hasn't football ballyhoo defeated its own ends?

Even the lofty ideal behind the E. I. A.'s move—that of keeping other sports alive—is not likely to lure many citizens, however patriotic, away from their firesides. As the politicians have discovered, Americans refuse to have ideals forced down their throats.

"No sane American would like to see curtailed such activities as baseball, basketball, crew, boxing, and the other physical development programs," says Major Fleming in his statement. No, but there are plenty of Americans who are just insane enough to believe the country would not go to the dogs if those activities and football itself were to cut down their overhead like every other business.

Doug's Distinguished Guest

Douglas Fairbanks, a returned yelluloid scribbler tells me, takes the high position he holds in Hollywood society very seriously, but is troubled by his bad memory for faces. Sometimes he snubs people he shouldn't. This failing distresses him and so he takes special pains to be cordial to every one.

So it came about, upon his return to Pickfair, the other week, after a long trip on location, when he caught a dignified gentleman nodding to him at the entrance to the estate, he not only returned the greeting, but stopt, chatted with the gentleman, and eventually spent some time showing him about the place.

Doug strove all the while to place him, but couldn't—all he knew was that he had seen the courtly fellow somewhere in the very best of movie society. And, it turned out, he actually had, for afterward he asked his secretary:

"Who was that man?"

The secretary was a bit acrid.

"That," he said, "was the butler you discharged before you went away!"—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

Foodsy-Woodsies

I stopt at the grocery counter and took out the list my wife had given me. "I want," I said to the clerk, "a loaf of Mumsie's Bread, a package of Krunchies, some Goody Sanny Spread, Ole Mammy's 'Lasses, Orange Puddy, Bransie Buns, and a pound of Aunty Annie's Sugar Can'y, Bitsey-bite size."

"Sorry, no Krunchies. How about Krinkly Krisps, Oatsies, Maltsey Wheats, Ricelets, Cornsie Ponesies, or Wheetums?"

"Wheetums, then."

"Anything else? Tootsies, Tatery Chips, Cheesie Weesies, Gingie Bits, Itsey Cakes, Sweetsie Toofums, or Dramma's Doughnies?"

"Tan't det anysin' else," I said, toddling toward the meat department to look for teensy Weinies and a leg of lambikins.—*Judge.*

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DISCOVERED "SECRET" OF PIPE SATISFACTION TEN YEARS AGO

His "Secret" shared by Thousands today

TEN years ago Mr. J. Franz Norgren of Madison, South Dakota, was still engaged in the search well known to every pipe smoker—the search for the ideal tobacco. Then one day his seeking was rewarded. He found it at last in Edgeworth! For some time he believed he had stumbled upon a "secret." But as the years passed he met up with the "little blue tin" with increasing frequency. Mr. Norgren's letter tells the story of his discovery.

Madison, South Dakota,
December 25, 1931.

Larus & Bro. Co.,
Richmond, Va.

Dear Sirs:

Today, Christmas Day, I received a half-pound of Edgeworth from a friend. That's a real gift! Ten years' intimate acquaintance with this excellent tobacco only intensifies my approval of a friend's good judgment.

When I first smoked Edgeworth, I thought I had discovered a secret. I had no idea before how satisfactory a fine blend could be. I came to look upon a good pipe packed with Edgeworth as a point of distinction wherever I might be. My observations since have upheld my theory. I meet up with the little blue tin with ever-increasing frequency.

Living in the country, a fellow gets to be particular about tobacco. To my mind, Edgeworth is the one tobacco that shows up best in any circumstances. At work or at leisure, there's no pal that comes up as cheerfully and that lends itself so perfectly to the moods of man and nature as another pipe of Edgeworth.

The point is, though, Edgeworth isn't the secret I thought it was. It's out—such things don't stay secret when you have friends.

Very truly yours,
J. Franz Norgren.

Are you one who has never known the genuine satisfaction of a good pipe and good tobacco?

Then take up your pen right now and drop a line to Larus & Brother Co. at 102 S. 22d St., Richmond, Va., and ask for a free sample packet of Edgeworth Smoking Tobacco. Edgeworth is a *different* tobacco. It is cool and slow-burning. Its blend of choice burleys with the natural savor sealed in cannot be matched—regardless of price or fancy packaging. Put Edgeworth in your pipe and smoke it.

You can buy Edgeworth in two forms—Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Edgeworth Plug Slice. All sizes from 15-cent pocket packages to pound humidor tins. Several sizes also come in vacuum sealed tins. Don't miss the Edgeworth radio program—the Corn Cob Pipe Club of Virginia—broadcast over the Coast to Coast Red Network of the National Broadcasting Company every Wednesday evening at 10 o'clock, Eastern Daylight Saving Time.

In July Nations Tread Carefully

AND well they may. For July is the period each year that the world spends on Uneasy Street.

It is in July that nations oppress (or believing themselves to be opprest) rise up and change one form of government for another.

We did it ourselves. July, 1776, saw the birth of the independence of the United States of America.

In other nations, too, the same story is told—in France, Italy, Venezuela, Argentina, and Cuba.

Whitley Noble has collected in the Chicago *Sunday Tribune* a wealth of such instances.

It must be "that the seed of freedom is more fertile in July," he suggests, "or that the fire of independence burns hottest then, for virtually all of the great revolutions of the world, at least in modern times, have placed their crimson mark upon the seventh page of the calendar."

And this July? Well, a fortnight of it is left.

We may see action yet.

After reminding us that July 4 is our own day of independence, Mr. Noble continues:

July also is the revolution month of France.

On July 14, 1789, Paris mobs stormed and captured the Bastile, bringing on a revolution which deposed a tyrannical king. The Reign of Terror which followed was as terrible as any king's tyrannies, but the ultimate result was a better government and greater liberties for the people of France.

In 1830 there was the Revolution of July in France, which overthrew the Bourbon dynasty and restored the house of Orleans to the throne.

For three memorable days, the 27th, 28th, and 29th, the people of France fought for the defense of their liberties.

Giuseppe Garibaldi, Europe's greatest modern master of revolutionary war, was born July 4, 1807, just thirty-one years to the day from the time the American patriots signed their Declaration of Independence.

Garibaldi's first revolutionary experiences were gained in South America, where he helped Uruguay win its independence.

Many of Garibaldi's successes in establishing liberties for his people, the Italians, were won during the month of July.

IN South America July is the month of independence for a number of republics, Mr. Noble recalls, as his story runs on:

Venezuela proclaimed its independence from Spain on July 5, 1811, but it took ten years of bitter warfare for the country to free itself of the Spanish yoke.

Argentina declared its formal independence from Spain on July 9, 1816, and on July 28, 1821, San Martin at Lima proclaimed Peru free from Spanish rule.

The Brazilians took Bahia from the Portuguese on July 2, 1823.

Simon Bolivar, known as the "Liberator of South America" for his efforts in establishing the independence of several of the countries there, was born July 25, 1783.

Cuba's independence from Spain actually was won when the Spanish troops at Santiago surrendered the city to an American expeditionary force on July 5, 1898.

The American victory came after a prolonged revolutionary struggle on the part of the Cubans.

Through the latter part of the eighteenth century and the early part of the nineteenth century, the Powers of the old world lost their grip on the territories in the new as the result of events which occurred during the fateful month of July.

The Bolsheviks chose July for their first attempt to seize power in the land of the czars, but their July rebellion was a failure and only a forerunner of their successful revolution.

What's in a Name? Plenty!

DR. PILZ of Jersey City wearied of the jokes made about his name the other day, went into court, and came out named Piltz.

The New York *World-Telegram*, which reports the incident in an editorial, fails to comment on the fact that "Piltz" sounds so much like "Pilz" that the change may not help much. But this journal does go into "the question of the extent to which the name makes or breaks the man. The sound of it, beginning life with its owner and going along with him, certainly has some influence in the shaping of his personality."

But the name, as Dr. Pilz well recognized, is far more likely to shape the public attitude toward the name's owner, *The World-Telegram* points out as it continues:

Thomas W. Wilson (Woodrow) saw that.

A literary ancestor of Honoré de Balzac, Guez (beggar) by name, saw it.

An Englishman born Broadribb saw it, and became Sir Henry Irving.

Hiram S. Grant became Ulysses.

Herbert Blythe turned into Maurice Barrymore, sire of the "Royal Family."

Names are bound to mean something when a mere calling off of those of the prominent figures in the world to-day shows almost invariably some distinctiveness which catches the ear and eye and lingers.

Mussolini, Gandhi, Stalin, Einstein, G. B. Shaw, Hamsun, Rockefeller, Lindbergh, Borah, La Follette, Paderewski, Jeritza, Lily Pons, Tunney, "Babe" Ruth, Capone, "Alfalfa Bill." Could these men and women have gone as far with undistinctive names?

Clearly the inequalities of life attach to the names people inherit or acquire or assume, as well as to wealth or rank or beauty.

The Socialists and Communists have not yet got around to making a fair distribution of fine names a part of their egalitarian program.

All Okay!—After some excitement the Smiths had at last managed to catch the train. Now, when they could sit quietly for a while, they began to wonder if they had left anything behind. Mrs. Smith gave a shriek.

"Oh, Harry," she said, "I forgot to turn off the electric iron."

"Don't worry, darling," he replied. "Nothing will burn. I forgot to turn off the shower bath."—*Montreal Gazette.*

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Americans Who Make the Five-Year Plan Work

THE SUPER-TROUBLE-SHOOTER, Moscow's miracle man from Detroit, has the commanding shoulders, the crisp mustache of a General of the Army.

He is thin and tall, and has a genius for settling trouble and finishing jobs.

He flies into the complexities of building a tractor factory in Stalingrad, and completes it in record time, according to William Henry Chamberlin in *Asia*.

Illustrations by courtesy of *ASIA Magazine*

A Kansas Winner of the Order of Lenin

George MacDowell has brought to birth a huge Soviet State Farm.

He dashes on to "the biggest building job going on anywhere in the world," the Soviet steel plant at Magnitogorsk. He yanks the knots out of the red tape that tangles it. He pauses a moment, perhaps, to catch his breath, and flies on to find out what is the matter at a bridge-building plant in the Urals.

The "pinch-hitter" for Russian industry is John Calder, one of the many American technicians who are helping Soviet leaders put the Five-Year Plan across, and who are the subjects of Mr. Chamberlin's account.

Calder is apt to turn up any place—in city or village, in Siberia, the Urals, Central Asia, traveling by train, airplane, sled, camel, or horse-cart, according to Maurice Hindus, who recently gave us in *The American Magazine* a sketch of the man.

"Clean up that sand-bank," he once told a Russian foreman on a construction job.

"I'll do it to-morrow," the procrastinating foreman answered.

"To-morrow will be too late."

"But to-day it is impossible," the foreman argued. "I have another job I must finish."

"Hang the other job," thundered the American miracle man. His eyes snapt with anger. The foreman cleaned up the sand-bank.

Another time, Mr. Hindus tells us, "Russian teamsters and truck drivers would not bother to stay off the grounds which had been laid out with construction plans.

"Calder's request to the drivers to stay off went unheeded, so he called on Ivanov [the Soviet director with whom he was working].

"'This thing has got to stop,' he declared.

"Ivanov immediately posted armed guards, and ordered them to shoot any and all trespassers. That settled it." The drivers followed orders.

Calder is very obliging, according to Mr. Hindus, who adds:

Again and again Russians come to him with all manner of problems, which have no bearing on his immediate job, which are not even within the province of his engineering specialty. When he lived in Cheliabinsk, the heating system of a new apartment-house broke down. They called on him to get it in working order. A shipment of German steam-shovels arrived and there were no accompanying drawings. No one knew how to put them together, and again they called on Calder for help.

So it seems small wonder that the Russians idolize John Calder, consider him a miracle man, and have written a play about him. Mr. Hindus refers to him as "pinch-hitter for the Soviets."

Calder is, of course, not the only American engineer in Russia. Mr. Chamberlin, in *Asia*, also recites the feats of George MacDowell, of Kansas, Arthur Powell Davis, of Oakland, California, and Col. Hugh L. Cooper. He tells us, too, of Russians such as Bill Shatov and A. P. Serebrovsky, who had American training, and Thomas Waller, a Finn by birth, who lived in the United States before going to Russia.

The introduction of American technique has been a large element in the Soviet Five-Year Plan. And all over the Soviet Union, sometimes in the unlikeliest and remotest corners, one finds the pioneers of this technique, says Mr. Chamberlin as he lists them:

The Soviet engineer who has spent a year or two in the plants of Henry Ford or of the General Electric Company.

The American specialist who has signed a contract with some department of the Soviet Government.

The Russian-American worker who has returned to his native country.

Here are some of the Americans who have distinguished themselves in Russia:

Quite recently Howard J. MacDonald, an American mining engineer, who has been in Russia since 1928, was awarded a prize of 15,000 rubles (nominally ($7,725) for his work in rationalizing production and cutting down costs in the Soviet metal-mining industry.

Another American, George MacDowell, one of the charter members of the Kuzbas industrial commune in Siberia, now working on the big State farm, Verblud, was given the Order of Lenin, a decoration for meritorious service on the "economic front." MacDowell conceived the idea of utilizing the spare time of the peasants in the vicinity of farm by employing them in a workshop for the manufacture of small tools and spare tractor parts—two things keenly needed in Russian rural economy.

By courtesy of the *American Magazine*

A Detroit "Pinch-Hitter" for Soviet Projects

John K. Calder (in the back of the cart) has been playing Aladdin to a steel plant, a tractor factory, and what not.

Col. Hugh L. Cooper, American engineer, has been chief consultant on the Dnieprostroy project, which involves the utilization of the river Dnieper for the creation of the most powerful hydro-electric station in Europe, with a capacity of 650,000 horse-power. Dnieprostroy, which had a trial or preliminary opening in May, will supply with power a number of near-by steel, aluminum, and chemical factories. Moreover,

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the dam that has been built in connection with the scheme has had the effect of submerging the turbulent rapids of the Dnieper and making the river navigable all the way from Kiev to the Black Sea.

In another section of Soviet Central Asia I found a native American making an important contribution to Soviet development. This was Arthur Powell Davis, of Oakland, California, for many years chief of the United States Reclamation Service. Until recently Mr. Davis was chief consultant for the huge irrigation schemes, by means of which the Soviet Union expects to increase greatly the cotton output of Turkestan. His eminently practical job of estimating the irrigation capacities of the rivers of Central Asia, which rise in the glaciers of the Pamirs and the Hindu Kush, took him to the wonder cities of inner Asia, Bokhara, and Samarkand, and through regions that had once resounded to the tramp of the conquering hosts of Genghis Khan and Tamerlane.

Now, Mr. Chamberlin in his *Asia* article turns to Russians who once lived in the United States, but went home after the revolution. He tells us how, during a trip to Central Asia in 1930, he "made the acquaintance of a big burly figure in high boots, wearing a cap and a costume that vaguely suggested a military uniform without actually being one. On his breast, the account runs on:

Col. Hugh L. Cooper's Job Is the Harnessing of the River Dnieper

He wore the two highest decorations in the power of the Soviet Government to bestow: the military Order of the Red Army, conferred for distinguished war-time service, and the civilian, or "toiling," Order of the Red Banner, awarded for peace-time achievements.

With his deep, booming voice, his free-and-easy manner, and his rolling walk, this man might have been one of America's pioneer mining or railroad prospectors. Actually he was Bill Shatov [once a pick-and-shovel worker on the B. & O.], Russian-American, stormy petrel of the American radical and labor movement, commander of a Red Army division that defended Petrograd against General Yudenitch in 1919, and more recently supreme boss of the construction of the thousand-mile "Turksib," the longest stretch of railroad built in Russia since the war.

Despite the fact that Shatov saw the inside of more than one American jail during his career as an I. W. W. and anarchist agitator, his reminiscences of the United States seemed far from unfriendly, and he became really enthusiastic when one of the group of American correspondents with whom he was talking in his private car produced a portable phonograph and records of some of the latest Broadway songs.

If one visits the great and growing oil-fields around Baku, on the Caspian Sea, one finds the most modern American technical devices. In addition there is excellent housing for the workers, modeled on cottage plans brought from California. This highly modernized oil industry makes an impression that is all the more vivid against the background of the Tatar quarters of semi-Asiatic Baku, where veiled women, often with water-jugs on their heads, pass through the narrow, winding streets.

The Americanization of the Baku oil-fields is largely the work of A. P. Serebrovsky, one of the most capable Soviet industrial executives, who some time ago was shifted to the management of the gold and non-ferrous metal industries. Serebrovsky, who spent some time in the United States, was attracted by even such a detail of American offices as sanitary paper drinking-cups, and took back a stock of them. The Baku office of the Soviet Oil Trust is the only place in Russia where I have seen such cups.

Distance meant nothing to Mr. Chamberlin when he was looking up American and American-trained boosters of the Five-Year Plan. From Asia he hopped over to Karelia, a "thickly wooded republic in the extreme northwest of the Soviet Union." It is farther from Baku and Mr. Serebrovsky's sanitary drinking-cups than New York is from San Francisco. And while he was there, he tells us:

I made the acquaintance of Tuomas Valler (Anglicized as Thomas Waller), who, altho less well known than Bill Shatov or Arthur Powell Davis, was also a channel for the infiltration of American technical practise into Russia.

It happened that I arrived late one evening in the picturesque village of Ukhta, located on one of the innumerable Karelian lakes and separated by scores of miles of swamp and forest from the nearest railway. The local authorities directed me for the night to a house which was uncommonly comfortable and well furnished for such a remote place. The owner made every demonstration of hospitality in sign language, but looked blankly uncomprehending when addrest in Russian. German proved no more effective. But a phrase in English broke the conversational blockade, and it soon turned out that Mr. Valler spoke English as fluently as his native Finnish, altho he had apparently learned no Russian at all during the eight or nine years which he had spent in this Finnish-speaking part of Karelia. He had lived in the United States and in Canada as a skilled worker for many years and had acquired a knowledge of design sufficient to qualify him for the post of county architect in Ukhta. He had a little office in a square tower that rose above the two-story frame Soviet headquarters, and there he was busy from morning to night with blue-prints of all sorts of new local construction enterprises: schools, houses, barges for the lake, even a new town park. I christened him "The Master Builder of Ukhta."

American workers, both skilled and unskilled, are beginning to look with a great deal of interest toward Russia as a possible place to work. The Digest receives many letters every week from these would-be pioneers into a new land. Therefore, some remarks made by Mr. Chamberlin about work in Russia in his *Asia* article are of particular interest. We read:

The American engineers in Russia are by no means all engaged through the medium of technical-aid contracts. Many have been hired directly by Soviet agencies in the United States. In fact, in the past year or so the tendency has rather been to engage men directly, thereby avoiding the overhead costs of the technical-aid contract. With regard to skilled workers there has begun a steady trickle of emigration from the United States to the Soviet Union, reversing, altho as yet on a very small scale, the prewar trend.

This year, however, the Amtorg Trading Corporation, which in 1931 hired several thousand American mechanics for Soviet industries, is not hiring any skilled labor.

In spite of repeated announcements to this effect, applications continue to be received in the Amtorg office in New York at the rate of a hundred a day. An official in the Soviet Automobile-Tractor Trust told me that every day, on the average, several [American] mechanics come into his office in Moscow asking for jobs. The cumulative effect of more than two years of thickening depression in the United States is beginning to be felt.

Some Americans have left the Soviet Union distinctly disgruntled. Some of these would probably have been failures in any country. In other cases good and capable foreign experts have unquestionably been poorly utilized because of bureaucracy and neglect on the part of Soviet organizations which engaged them.

In the list of grievances of foreign engineers and technical

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experts with whom I have talked in Moscow and at their posts in various parts of Russia, neglect of their suggestions seems to bulk largest.

Amusingly enough, the "capitalist" engineers from America were sometimes inclined to criticize their Russian colleagues for softness.

One veteran American railroad engineer, who has lived a long time in Russia, is fond of telling, in almost awestruck tones, how he once saw a Russian engineer come into a railroad depot, in white duck trousers, and wait until a carpet was spread out before he would bend down to inspect an ailing wheel.

True, this is a story of pre-revolutionary times. The Russian engineer to-day is not a man of luxurious habits. But, even when he is the product of a Soviet school, he often proves more bookish and theoretical, less practical in his approach to problems, than is the ordinary American construction engineer. This is perhaps the most marked difference in national temperament that makes itself felt in common work here.

Food, housing, and general living conditions sometimes come up for complaint, altho on the whole the Soviet Government has done its best for foreign specialists in these fields. Special stores have been opened for them in Moscow and other large cities, and on the more remote construction projects special restaurants are often provided.

Russians sometimes voice their criticism of foreign specialists. They find some of the latter too exacting in matters of personal comfort, too domineering in manner. If it is a familiar complaint of the foreign specialist that his suggestions are ignored, it is an equally familiar retort of the Russian industrial manager or engineer that many foreigners do not fight hard enough for the realization of their ideas.

Then, altho Russians are more hospitable and less inclined to antiforeignism than most people, the Russian engineers and workers would be more or less than human if they did not feel occasionally some twinges of resentment over the distinctly better standards of living provided for foreigners.

Yet, in spite of all the rubs and friction, the engagement of foreign specialists here is considered, on the whole, a success and would be carried further if it were not for financial exigencies. What the Americans have contributed to Soviet industrialization is understanding of the principles of mass production and attention to the little details of factory routine which, altho small individually, are important en masse. When one goes to a Soviet factory and asks what the American engineers and mechanics have introduced, it usually proves to be some practical improvement of working conditions, such as hanging the lamps lower so that the workers can see the machines more easily, or some suggestion calculated to reduce waste and overhead.

The better type of American engineer has also been unmistakably a force making for intelligently directed drive and speed in Soviet production. The tremendous propaganda carried on for "The Five-Year Plan in Four Years" and kindred slogans has generated an abundance of enthusiasm among Communists in the Soviet factories; but the "shock drives" often launched to pull up lagging industries have the defect of losing their full force when the immediate objective has been gained. What the American often brings is the steady, even pull that is better in the long run than the method of progress by sudden leaps, which may be followed by slumps.

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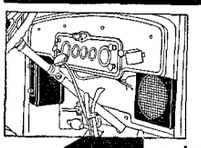

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Drama and Comedy of the Big Political Show

WONDERS would never cease! Smith and McAdoo were friends!

They had buried the hatchet! They were hand in glove to stop Roosevelt!

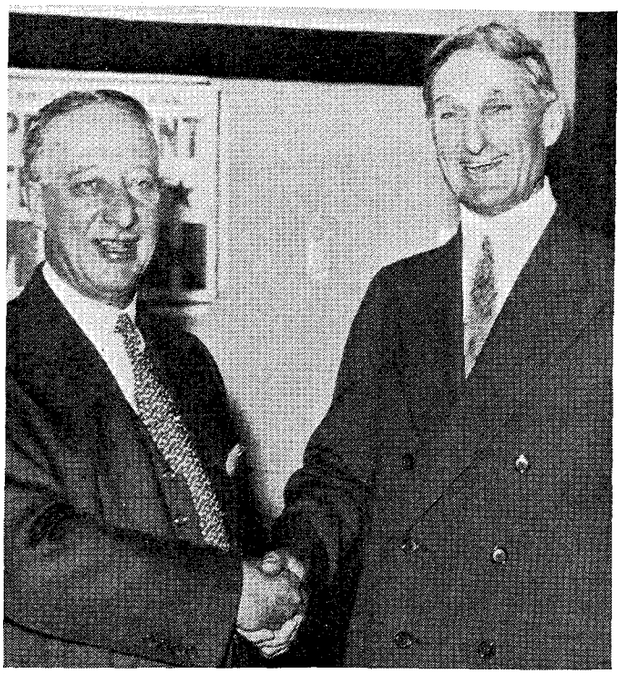
The news ran like wildfire through the great city that was tuning up for the Democratic convention. It burned the wires, spilled over the radio into millions of startled ears, broke out on the front pages of a continent.

"Politics makes strange bedfellows." Oh, boy! But never stranger than these! Ghosts of 1924! Echoes of Madison Square Garden! Wreckage of McAdoo's big chance to be the Presidential nominee! Smiling face of the rival who deadlocked him!

But now they were partners, and if the partnership didn't crack, the Roosevelt band-wagon would be ditched.

And then? Oh, then, some dark horse maybe—Baker, Owen Young, Ritchie—unless, of course, Al Smith should sweep the convention off its feet and pocket a runaway nomination.

William G. McAdoo had just arrived in Chicago. Alfred E. Smith was there before him. Their cordial meeting, with its razor-edge political implications, is depicted on this page. It set the key-note for the whole convention. All the noise, the labor, the passions and the horse-play gravitated round the bridge—as perilous as that of San Luis Rey—between these two men.



Acme

Burying the Hatchet—"Oh, Yeah?"

OUR readers know how long that bridge held out in the convention storms, last week's DIGEST having given them a full account of Mr. Roosevelt's nomination and much stirring matter connected with it, but it is worth while to review, in perspective, the intense human factors in an affair which history may rank among the most dramatic of national conventions.

It was on the Friday morning, after the Thursday's exhausting all-night session, that the crack came. Nominations had been made on the previous day. The orthodox bedlamite "demonstrations" had been dragged out. That for Smith had been longer and wilder than that for Roosevelt. Every Favorite Son had been taken for a ride. And now—the balloting!

Ballots talk louder than cowbells.

Was Roosevelt stopt?

He seemed to be. For three ballots the Smith-McAdoo-Favorite Son line held firm. In it were John W. Davis and other grave elders of the Democracy.

"While Governor Roosevelt's friends took control of the convention and kept it from beginning to end," Leroy T. Vernon points out in the Chicago *Daily News*, "the fact is the Governor at no time was actually assured of the necessary two-thirds vote until the final break."

Mr. Vernon continues:

It was apparent, however, that in view of the strong showing of Roosevelt, whoever attempted to block his final nomination was shouldering a responsibility which might threaten a split in the party. The line-up was the South and West against the Smith and Ritchie phalanx and a few Mid-Western States which had no definite attachments. This sort of a combination proved difficult to amalgamate and hold together.

As to minor but decisive details, they all occurred, as usual, in the time-honored "smoke-filled" room.

After the adjournment of the convention Friday morning, Farley, manager of the Roosevelt campaign; a representative of William Randolph Hearst, newspaper publisher, who sponsored the Garner campaign, and Tom Connally, Senator from Texas, who nominated Garner, met in a northside hotel.

Farley held the trump cards. It was already known that three-fifths of both the Texas and California delegates who favored Garner were ready to vote for Roosevelt. Nothing short of an arbitrary decision on the part of the Garner managers to force them to "stick" could prevent a break to the New York candidate rather than force a deadlock.

Texas could not and would not vote for Al Smith, the second candidate, and William G. McAdoo, the outstanding member

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of the California delegation, while personally friendly to Smith now, carried political memories of the Madison Square Garden convention in the back of his head.

Speaker Garner was called on the telephone in Washington. For several days past pressure had been brought to bear on him by his friends and the friends of Roosevelt to persuade him to accept the Vice-Presidential nomination.

Some time around 6 P. M. word came to slip the Garner leash. Judge Harry Fisher of the Illinois delegation announced shortly after that hour that Illinois would go to Roosevelt.

Illinois would not have "jumped" had it not had specific information on which to act.

Only shortly before that time Mr. McAdoo had indicated he was still in the Garner camp.

Then he got his orders. When the convention opened for the night session he was on the rostrum at the Stadium definitely withdrawing Garner and announcing the switch to Roosevelt.

FOR some reason the "old guard" in the Democratic party, including Al Smith, James M. Cox, John W. Davis, John J. Raskob, Jouett Shouse, Frank Hague, Albert C. Ritchie, and others, "came to Chicago thinking they could, by their national standing and past records, break down the morale of the younger group which constituted the backbone of the Roosevelt forces," says Mr. Vernon, adding:

As various issues arose they put forth their heavy oratorical artillery, only to go down to defeat on every test vote except that on the liquor plank. On that issue alone they scored a notable victory and wrote a plank which admirably fitted either Smith or Ritchie.

Beyond that, however, they could not advance a foot. The backbone of their opposition really broke at an early hour in the morning, when Tom Connally moved the convention adjourn, only to go down to a resounding defeat by a vote of more than three to one. The flight of Illinois and Indiana and other States which had been adhering to the coalition against Roosevelt showed before all doubt that there was no great solidarity in the coalition ranks.

On the contrary, the coalition was unable to pick off any real Roosevelt votes. This situation left Governor Roosevelt with an undeniable veto on the nomination of any other candidate, whereas it took a combination of several candidates to veto him.

Roosevelt had something to "sell"—a Vice-Presidential nomination to the winner and unity among a larger section of the party.

Further details of what happened at the last moment indicated that not all the coalition leaders were aware that the finish was in sight.

Al Smith's group of delegates constituted the "die-hard" element on the last roll-call. Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Jersey, all instructed for him, went into the ditch with him. So did sixty-three votes controlled by Tammany Hall; the Philadelphia end of Pennsylvania democracy and seventeen votes from Ohio and two from Wisconsin.

One of the stories of that slaughter of the allies is that when the popular ex-Governor of New York heard the first rumor of the ambush planned in that "smoke-filled room," he tried to get Speaker Garner on the telephone at his Washington hotel.

Unable, mysteriously, to get the Speaker's wire, he called up the manager of the hotel, a friend of his own, and learned (so the printed rumor runs) that Mr. Garner had given instructions, in case Mr. Smith called him up from Chicago, that the connection should not be made.

ANOTHER *Daily News* writer describes the effect of Mr. McAdoo's speech, announcing the switch:

It dawned upon the convention that the deadlock was broken.

It dawned upon that unruly gallery, too, that the deadlock was broken, but instead of cheering, a steady howling of "boos" came down from the two tiers of seats above the mezzanine floor.

"I appeal to the manhood of the galleries," cried Senator Walsh into the microphone. That only brought louder "booing."

Mayor Cermak, the leader of the Illinois delegation, struggled through the milling demonstrators to the platform. With his face set he stept to the mikes.

"Ladies and gentlemen of the convention," Cermak shouted, and the spectators were hushed when they realized who was speaking, "let me appeal to my friends in the galleries. The Democratic National Committee was kind enough to come to our city with this wonderful convention. You are their guests; please act like guests.

"I appeal to you, let this great gathering go home with nothing but pleasant memories of our city."

There was a burst of applause, but it was followed by "boos" again when McAdoo tried to resume.

"I want to thank the galleries for the compliment they have paid me," McAdoo, losing his temper entirely, shouted into the mike. His amplified voice could scarcely be heard above the din. "This convention wants to know, for the guidance of future conventions, whether this is the kind of hospitality that Chicago extends to its guests. I intend to say what I have to say."

McAdoo finished, announcing California's forty-four votes for Roosevelt, that Garner had released them, likewise the forty-six votes of Texas.

James O'Donnell Bennett gives us, in the Chicago *Tribune*, a vivid glimpse of the favored candidate:

Behold Roosevelt in action before 20,000 onlookers.

He puts his right arm around his wife and gives her a hearty hug.

She laughs. He laughs. The 20,000 laugh.

He leans toward his son James and presses him close to his heart.

He is wearing a dark blue sack-suit, a withered red rose in the lapel of his coat. He is pale, but his searching eyes are shining.

He smiles, he nods, he chuckles.

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Another Roosevelt Accepts a Nomination

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

Why Bank Rates Drop

NO wild excitement is occasioned by the recent downward drift of central bank rates in London, New York, and Chicago.

Yet the significance of the trend does not escape observant financial editors. Down goes the New York Federal Reserve bank rate from 3 to 2½ per cent., following a cut from 3½ to 3 last February. And Chicago comes along by jumping all at once from 3½ to 2½ per cent. And a few days later the Bank of England's rate drops from 2½ to 2 per cent., making it the lowest level for that bank since 1897, and giving London the distinction of having now the lowest central bank rate in the world.

In its more general aspects the main implication of the new London rate, says the New York *Times*, "is the low ebb to which world-wide requisitions on credit have shrunk, both in finance and industry":

At London the lowering of the bank rate in times of depression has also traditionally been associated with a desire to stimulate trade by easy money, and it is probable that this motive has affected the present decision. It has not been easy in other times like these, however, to trace any very strong influence in that direction, unless after considerable lapse of time. There was some revival in England during 1895, but it did not last. The New York Reserve Bank rate was lowered in May last year to 1½ per cent., a figure without parallel in the history of central banks; but business activities continued to decline at the same pace as before. Still, the tradition is firmly held at London that a low rate is in the end certain to encourage gradual business revival.

MORE specifically, the rate cut is taken as having paved the way for the sensational announcement of the conversion of Britain's 5 per cent. war loan of 1929–47 into a 3½ per cent. loan. This involves the conversion of about $7,500,000,000 worth of bonds at present exchange rates. This will save the British Government a gross of £30,000,000 in the next fiscal year. The London *Times* calls it "a demonstration of social and fiscal strength such as has not been rivaled since the great conversion of 1888 or since the loan itself now to be converted was raised."

The exchange is to be made in December, and those who act promptly in making the exchange will receive a cash bonus. It is a tremendous operation. But the New York *Herald Tribune*'s financial editor feels that "the form of the conversion offer and the present frame of mind of the British public appear to give ample assurance of success":

The patriotic spirit of the holders is perhaps more important in this connection than any other factor, it is believed. The rush to pay taxes early this year was no passing demonstration, it is argued, but represents the fine sense of responsibility toward their government felt by most Britons. Without that spirit, some doubt might exist as to the ready carrying out of the conversion, as the reduction of the coupon from 5 to 3½ per cent. without any intermediate stages is considered breath-taking when applied to almost one-third of the national debt. The premium offered for quick action, and the fact that indolent holders of the 5 per cent. war loan will simply receive the new 3½s, will also contribute greatly to the success of the conversion. Extreme laxity in money is a further factor.

THE lower New York Reserve Bank rate, says the New York *Journal of Commerce*, "reflects first the end of the gold outflow," and in addition, "it may permit a better balancing of the Reserve Banks' portfolio, should reduction in their acceptance buying rate cause any substantial sale of bills to it." And *The Journal of Commerce* in its editorial columns asserts that "the most striking significance of the New York Bank's action is the virtual declaration of independence of foreign central banking influence over banking policy here which is involved":

Last fall, the local Reserve bank jumped its rate from 1½ to 3½ per cent. because of the displeasure of the Bank of France over conditions and policies then prevailing in this country, with resulting rapid withdrawal of large balances kept in New York by that institution and by the French Treasury.

At that time, the withdrawals were particularly annoying because of special developments here, so that it proved necessary to reach an understanding with the French which involved a marking up of rediscount and bill-buying rates at the Reserve banks, and various other commitments never made public, but often hinted at.

The reduction in the rediscount rate back to 2½ per cent. gives concrete evidence that, with the virtual elimination of the remaining Bank of France balances, the hands of the Reserve banks are no longer tied.

One skeptical note is sounded by that eminent financial authority, Dr. H. Parker Willis, who notes that the present rate movement is thought to be inspired by the desire to make money more plentiful, and more available to the business community, and to diversify Reserve bank investments. Now Dr. Willis says very definitely in the New York *World-Telegram* that he doesn't see how the rate cut is going to accomplish these things:

In the first place, the volume of loans to the business community at this time is mostly unrelated to the rates charged for such accommodations.

If reducing rates at which borrowers may obtain funds from the Reserve bank will not increase the demand for funds from that institution it follows automatically that such alterations in rates will not substantially diversify the holdings of the Reserve institution.

AND Dr. Willis concludes by taking a fall out of the Reserve bank authorities, by declaring that the rate cut is important

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only as an indication of policy, and that in this respect it is as unfortunate as it is important:

The apparent determination of these authorities to tinker with the credit mechanism of the country, and to set themselves up as arbiters of the course of American business, rather than to confine their attention to the all-important task of keeping their own mechanism and that of the banking system of the country as a whole in good working order, is one of the leading causes for the lack of faith in the situation as exists in this country to-day.

The Chicago rate cut has a meaning all its own, so we are reminded in the financial columns of the New York *Times*. For the Chicago bank "has placed itself in a position to extend funds to its member banks to meet any requirements arising out of the present banking disturbances in that district at the lowest charge for member-bank borrowings ever posted there."

The Farmer's "Live-at-Home" Program

ADVERSITY helps to keep the farmer dependent on his soil, and therefore tends to develop "living" crops as contrasted with cash crops. It thus strengthens the move toward diversified farming.

It is true that the farmer withstands hard times like these better than the city worker, says the National City Bank of New York in its current bulletin:

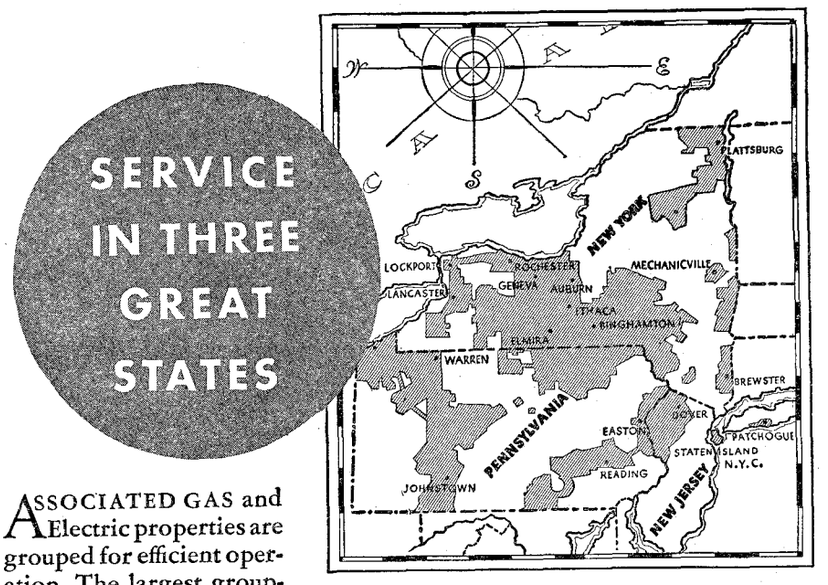
He lacks cash for fertilizer, for repairs and replacements, and perhaps even for gasoline for his tractor, but he has in the soil and his own labor and in his home the first essentials for living, and not only is he digging in but city workers are moving back to the farm to dig in also.

Thus to some extent specialized agriculture tends to break down in depressions as severe as this, and to revert to general purpose farming, in which raising a living is the first aim and raising cash the second.

The reduction in cotton acreage this year, which private estimates place at less than 10 per cent., is a disappointing one to the trade in view of the carryover of more than one year's supply from this season. But under present conditions shifting of the cotton growers off the soil can not be expected, and it has been difficult to plant anything else offering better prospect of cash return. In the cotton belt as in the corn belt and elsewhere, more of the living has been grown at home, cash expenditures cut, and the labor of the farmer and his family put into the crop which he knows best, and for which his climate is suited.

Within reasonable limits the live-at-home program is a desirable one not only in hard times but at all times. The farmer has broader resources, is more independent, and on the joint-cost principle the cost of his cash crop is reduced. Adversity has speeded this program as prosperity never could.

Depression has checked the growth of mechanization and the adoption of new production technique in agriculture, but of course the setback is temporary, and improvement will speed up again when reviving industry begins to attract some of the present surplus of farm labor back to factory work.



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Vines Climbs to the Top in Tennis

THE TALL TERROR FROM CALIFORNIA, with his white cap pulled over his eyes, put pressure on his victim "more relentlessly" than any jailer of the dark ages gleefully turning his thumbscrew.

The terrific power of his attack "took the breath out of the crowd of 20,000, which had flocked to the court hoping to see an Englishman win for the first time in a generation," Ferdinand Kuhn, Jr., tells us in a cable dispatch to the New York *Times*.

Ellsworth Vines, Jr., had a blasting service that shook "Bunny" Austin "completely off his usual polished game, and left him utterly powerless at the end."

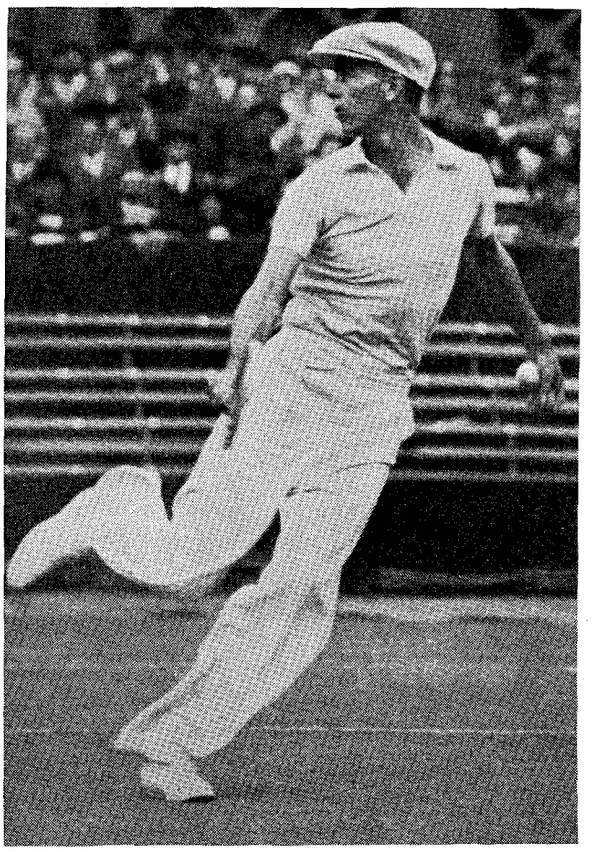
Thus it was that Vines, the young American net ace and national champion, not yet twenty-one years old, won the Wimbledon tournament. His 6—4, 6—2, 6—0 defeat of Austin in the finals has set the tennis world (or most of it) on fire with enthusiastic praise.

Old-timers in the crowd "shook their heads, wondering if they had ever seen such sustained power in action on the courts," Mr. Kuhn continues, and adds:

They remembered Gerald Patterson and Bill Tilden with their cannon-ball service, and Billy Johnston with his lightning attack, but opinion everywhere was that Vines was as great as any of them.

By winning the championship on his first attempt, Vines becomes the third in all the long history of Wimbledon to accomplish that feat. Patterson did it in 1919, and Tilden in 1920. But neither was as unbeatable as Vines.

Austin himself was as awestruck as any one. "I just couldn't play against that," he exclaimed afterward.



Keystone—Underwood

Vines, a Tennis Tornado From the Golden West

VINES plays that way when he's on his mettle—and he was very much on it that day, before one of the most distinguished sport-loving crowds that Britain could turn out.

Vines came onto the court "with a shy, awkward bow to the King and Queen, and Princess Ingrid of Sweden, sitting in the royal box," the correspondent of *The Times* tells us as his narrative runs on:

He towered almost a head above his determined, compact-looking opponent as he slouched to the net.

There was a storm of cheers for Austin, who had brought British hopes into the final for the first time in a decade, but the lion had little chance to roar after that.

In the first set, it was true, Vines was distinctly shaky. He was not placing his shots with the marvelous accuracy he showed against Jack Crawford in the semifinal.

His judgment of distance, especially, was faulty, and he either overhit or found the net much too often for his liking. Vines shook his head disgustedly with every error, and seemed afraid to hit with all his power.

But after Austin was leading, 3—2, the real Vines flashed into action for the first time. He served four service aces, evening the score, then brushed through Austin's service in a love game. His forehand drive became deadly, and his serves so killing that Austin, for all his gameness, was unable to handle them.

During the rest of the match Vines scored about two service aces in every game. He regained his perfect timing, and his long drives again found their right place in the farthest corners, only a few inches inside the line.

Nor was this last match the only one where young Vines flashed his superb form.

René Lacoste and William T. Tilden "have revealed the power that Vines showed, but there have been few such exhibitions by the veteran stars," Mr. Kuhn tells us, describing the Western youngster's splendid performance in the semifinals against the Australian champion, Jack Crawford.

"Old-timers, who have seen every Wimbledon champion since the war, could not remember such a combination of speed and tremendous drives as Vines unleashed before Queen Mary, Prince George, and a crowd of 20,000. His backhand drives streaked across the net like Tilden's forehand cannon-balls, and there were whole games when his service was simply unplayable."

CALIFORNIANS fared well at Wimbledon this year.

Mrs. Helen Wills Moody and Vines won championships; and Miss Helen Jacobs reached the finals of the women's singles, in which Mrs. Moody defeated her.

This was Mrs. Moody's fifth Wimbledon championship. She won also in 1927, 1928, 1929, and 1930.

"There isn't anything more for Mrs. Moody to gain, unless, perhaps, she were tempted to go in for an endurance record, to see by how many long years she could make her supremacy outlast that of all other preceding women stars," Janet Owen writes in the New York *Herald Tribune*. Reading on:

Already in a number of respects Mrs. Moody has lost the first flush of the excitement of world stardom. Stories of her victories are no longer primarily stories of Mrs. Moody's play-by-play technique. The news now lies in what the opponent could do against her.

Perhaps Mrs. Moody is making up for the loss of zest in competition, which comes from certainty of winning, by instituting a little game within herself, a competition with herself to see just how few points she can lose, to see how high she can keep her standard, spurring her energy and interest to keep her from winning matches by lazy margins instead of stiffly held, wide ones.

OR perhaps, we add for ourselves, she wants to equal or break Suzanne Lenglen's record of six Wimbledon titles.

And here is the rest of the championship data:

Men's Doubles—Jacques Brugnon and Jean Borotra, France.

Women's Doubles—Mlle. Doris Metaxa, Belgium, and Mlle. Josane Sigart, France.

Mixed Doubles—Miss Elizabeth Ryan, United States, and Enrique Maier, Spain.

Wild acclaim on both sides of the Atlantic greeted Vines's feat. We've had a sample of the American cheers. Now we turn to the London press, where we find experts such as Henry Scrivener of *The Observer*, Stanley Doust of *The Dispatch*, and Henry Price, who refereed the match, praising Vines without stint.

"I have seen them all, including the Dohertys," Mr. Price wrote in *The Times*, "and have no hesitation in placing Vines at the top of the list."

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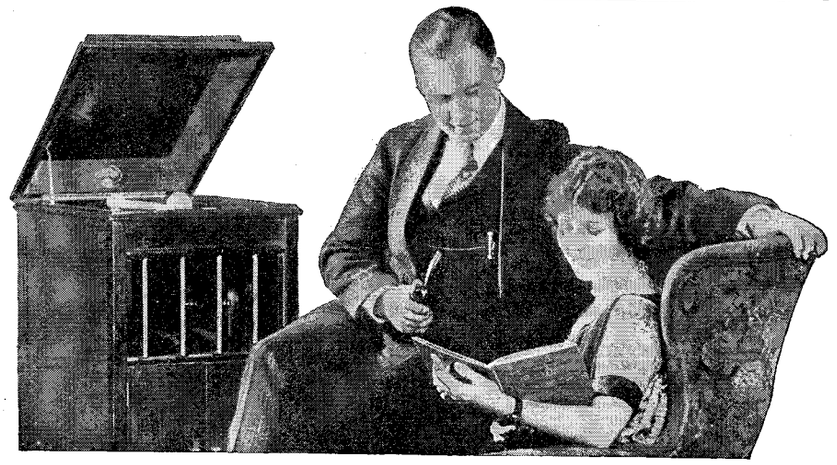

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THE SPICE OF LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Pst! Waiter!—Schoolboy's essay: "The defendant's lawyer made a motion for a change of menu."—*Boston Transcript.*

Sell Him an Annuity.—Being Premier of Japan has its advantages. One isn't pestered by life-insurance solicitors.—*Buffalo Evening News.*

Noisy Siesta.—"Did you hear Robinson snoring in church this morning? It was simply awful."

"Yes, I did—he woke me up."—*Tit-Bits.*

Speeding to a Fire.—Some motorists are in such a hurry to get into the next county that they go right on into the next world.—*Judge.*

Might Give Him Some Pointers.—Bring the boy up as a caddy so he'll be out where he'll meet dad occasionally.—*Exchange.*

Junior Policeman.—"A fine little man. Do you help mother?"

"Yes, I am going to count the spoons when you have had tea."—*Guiterrez.*

Wham!—"Doesn't your wife miss you when you stay out till three in the morning?"

"Occasionally—but usually her aim is perfect."—*Everybody's Weekly.*

Stript for Action.—A new collarless shirt is announced for the approaching hot weather. This will enable a man to have nothing on his neck but his creditors.—*Boston Herald.*

Believe It or Not.—Remember way back when there was a saloon in Buffalo run by Obringer & Sittenauer. Men didn't think of taking women to drinking places in those days despite the implied invitation of this firm's name.—*Buffalo Evening News.*

Glorifying the Gas.—An English schoolboy wrote an essay on "The Stormy Petrol." When the master, a gentleman with a refreshing humor, saw it he wrote on the margin, "Hail to thee, blithe spirit! Bird thou never wert."—*Boston Transcript.*

Where's the Interpreter?—From Washington diplomatic circles there floats to my big and ready ears a delightful little episode of Sir Esmé Howard and the bell boy. Sir Esmé quite enjoys telling, so I hear, how he walked briskly into the foyer of the magnificent Mayflower Hotel, and stopt for a moment to speak with one of the bright-buttoned servitors in the lobby. After he walked on, an assistant manager who had noted the incident, went over to the boy and said, "What did the Ambassador want?"

"I don't know," answered the bell-hop. "He couldn't speak English."—*New York Morning Telegraph.*

Mind the Plaster.—Among the things that seem to grow by leaps and bounds are the children in the apartment overhead.—*Judge.*

Always Goes Where It's Driven.—"Molly says she's wildly in love with her new motor-car."

"Yes! Another case where man is displaced by machinery."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

True Love's Guerdon.—ENGINE DRIVER'S SWEETIE—"And do you always think of me during your long night trips?"

DRIVER—"Do I? I've wrecked two trains that way already."

SWEETIE—"Oh, you darling!"—*Tit-Bits.*

"I can assure you, Moddam, this is just the costume for you. We're selling it for a ridiculous figure."

—"Everybody's Weekly" (London).

Where Whoppers Breed.—"Can any of you," the teacher asked, "tell me what 'amphibious' means, and give a sentence to illustrate?"

A bright little Negro held up his hand. "I know, sah! It's fibbing. Mos' fish stories am fibious!"—*Boston Transcript.*

Maybe, If It's Funny Enough.—

MISTAKES

When a garage man makes a mistake, he adds it on your bill.

When a carpenter makes a mistake, it's just what he expected.

When a preacher makes a mistake, nobody knows the difference.

When a lawyer makes a mistake, it was just what he wanted, because he has a chance to try the case all over again.

When a judge makes a mistake, it becomes the law of the land.

When a doctor makes a mistake, he buries it.

But when the editor makes a mistake—GOOD-NIGHT!—*Bennington Banner.*

Yeh! It is printed in THE LITERARY DIGEST.—*Carlisle (Pa.) Sentinel.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

She Sure Are!—Politics are getting warmer.—*Liberty.*

This One Looks Synthetic.—Wanted—A mahogany living-room table, by a lady with Heppelwhite legs.—*Atlanta Journal.*

We Advocate an Embargo.—

REPORT BIG DROP
IN BRAIN EXPORTS

—*San Diego Tribune.*

Another Red Outrage.—As Mme. Alda was driving her car from her estate in Great Neck, a beet lit upon her ankle and stung her.—*Los Angeles Times.*

Hara-Kiri?—He forgot, as if he had never known, what is required in the way of private mortality from a public servant.—*Boston Globe.*

Get Your Garden Marcelled.—

BEAUTY SHOPS—HAIRDRESSERS

A Bargain — $1 to sharpen and adjust your lawn-mower.—*Springfield (Mass.) Republican.*

For Gudgeons, of Course.—The district game warden filed four complaints, charging illegal fishing in Judge J. J. Padgett's court.—*Waco News-Tribune.*

New Peril of Farm Life.—Joliet, Ill.—Mrs. Stewart Vanderbilt beat off a bull that had attacked and knocked her husband unconscious with a pitchfork.—*Peoria Journal.*

Laureate of the Fire Laddie?—A national committee is cooperating in paying tribute to the former blacksmith and author of "The Man With the Hose' and other poems.—*Harrisburg (Pa.) Capitol News.*

Wave Permanent, We Trust.—Mrs. Caroline G—— went to Crofton via bus, and submitted to a tonsorial operation. The operation was successful and Mrs. G—— will be able to return home within a day or two.—*Bloomfield (Neb.) paper.*

Try This on Your Cash Register.—

SPORT WRIST WATCHES $1.98

Thin model, attractive full nickle case solid white or tan with awning stripe, genuine crêpe rubber soles. $1.49 value.—*Nashville Tennessean.*

With Tears in Their Headlights?—The line of veterans, marching south on Main Street in North Little Rock, presented an unusual spectacle, and dozens of automobiles drove slowly up and down the street gazing curiously at the men.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

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